

Veterropti



Herstories
1994









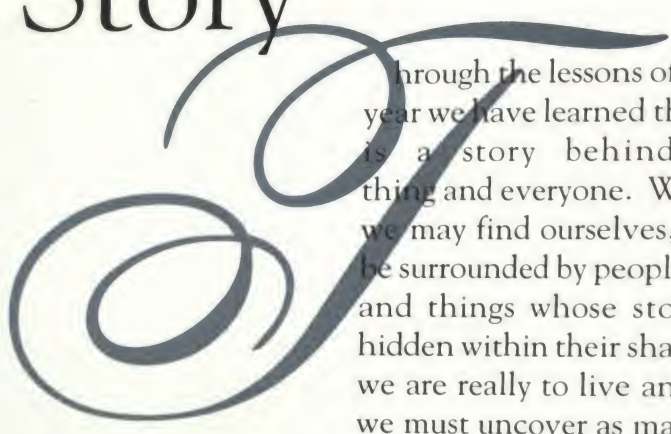
Herstories 1997



Wesleyan College

4760 Forsyth Road
Macon, Georgia 31210
Veterropt * Volume LXXXIII

She Tells a Story



Through the lessons of the past year we have learned that there is a story behind every thing and everyone. Wherever we may find ourselves, we will be surrounded by people, places and things whose stories are hidden within their shadows. If we are really to live and learn, we must uncover as many stories as possible and continually

strive to discover the unique light within each one. Those who have chosen Wesleyan have not only discovered Wesleyan's story, but they have become a vital part of a legacy of dreamers who make Wesleyan whole.

Wesleyan has not only been a place of learning. She has been a family. She has been a community. She has been, indeed, a friend. Enclosed in her embrace, we have grown, learned and shared with each other in the hopes of becoming a part of Wesleyan's past, but also in hopes of becoming a part of Wesleyan's future.

As we look back at Wesleyan and the years we have shared here, we discover the eternal days and nights that give Wesleyan her stories. As we traveled in the footsteps of many great Wesleyannes, we learned about each other, we came to know ourselves, and we wrapped cherished notions of the past in ideas of the present.

As we listened to each other's stories, our stories became entwined in the love, laughter, respect, thought and sadness that is Wesleyan. We have all touched each other's lives in the most intimate of ways. We have all touched Wesleyan and she has touched us. Our lives as well as our stories met at Wesleyan. Wesleyan is *Herstories*.



*C*aptured in the beauty of a cool, fall day, the cupola which graces the rooftop of the Porter Gym adds to the feeling of heritage that surrounds Wesleyan.



*E*nraptured by the effervescent effect of cool water fluttering about the fountain, Wesleyan students enjoy each other's company after the crowning of the homecoming queen.



*T*he beauty that is Wesleyan inundates her campus. Golden leaves celebrating the coming of fall embrace a single lamp post which has come, for some, to symbolize the strength and beacon that is Wesleyan.

Thinking about the past places Iyayi Uwa there. Enjoying herself at the Retro Mixer early in the fall semester, Iyayi aids in the celebration of herstories by entwining her own story with the story of Wesleyan.

She Rocks Us Gently

Although Wesleyan's story has evolved during the past year, her ideals have remained the same. The rocking chairs which grace our beautiful campus have grown to represent the spirit and foundation of Wesleyan. While the chairs rocked us gently this past year, they also held the memories of warm vivid moments shared on the very same porches enjoyed by the women who came before us.

There may one day be a complete story of Wesleyan, but today it has not yet been written. One hundred and sixty years have passed since a small idea grew into what today is a grand and treasured place of learning and loving. Together, we have combined our stories, the herstories of Wesleyan, while producing a future that is, indeed, her legacy.

If one is to believe that we leave a little piece of ourselves everywhere we roam, one must believe that a good bit of our hearts and spirits have become a part of the Wesleyan story. One must also believe that with the bits and pieces we have contributed to Wesleyan's story, we have taken a little bit of her with us as well.





A line of rocking chairs lies gracefully among the columns of Mount Vernon Porch. The chairs, never truly empty, represent a steady and eternal refinement of the foundations of Wesleyan.



*I*n a moment of thought and deep relaxation, Chasity McWilliams rests peacefully prior to the commencement of a fall convocation held in Taylor Hall.



*S*haring in a pleasant conversation with a good friend, Allison Mason demonstrates her consistent and prominent cheer with a warm smile.



*E*xcited by the visit of President Bill Clinton to Macon during the 1996 presidential campaign, Wesleyanne Esther Celestin is awe struck by the sight of the nation's president and the fellowship she enjoys with her friends while contributing to Wesleyan's herstory.



Gathering together around the fountain and sharing stories with each other, Amanda Avery, Kim Dang, and Chris Swafford enjoy the feeling of close thoughtful friendships following homecoming court celebrations.



Her Life Stories



*F*loating vividly among our memories, thoughts and events of the past sealed us closely together. The year was filled with her life stories. Stories not only of individuals, but of Wesleyan as a place and as an ideal. Enveloped by the smell of freshly cut grass, sweet magnolias, and dusty books resting in Willet Memorial Library, the year was graced by a feeling that is Wesleyan.

A meaningful conversation with a professor, smiling at a cheerful child, being chased by geese at Foster Lake, listening to the roar of class cheers in the dining hall; these are but a few of the meaningful memories that have brought this past year to life. The things which occur at Wesleyan have not merely been events filling our days or events involving individuals. Rather, they have become the treasured memories of the future and a part of a collective spirit that has woven itself intricately into Wesleyan's story.

HOPE IS THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN



family affair



Students cooing at professors' toddlers, children playing tag on the quad, or a teenager taking a day off from high school to attend classes with her Mom, seeing perhaps what the future holds for her; these are but a few special moments that made Wesleyan home this past year to a very large and loving family.

The atmosphere at Wesleyan held excitement, childlike innocence

as well as an ambience of rebirth and newness. What made Wesleyan unique was the quality and depth of feeling integrated into the friendships and the unity that came with being a part of something bigger and better.

It was not unusual to walk through Tate or Taylor Halls listening to giggles emanating from a small boy with golden curls or catching a moment where little Caroline Martin held tightly on to one of her parents with an endearing smile. Neither was it odd for young children to be seen working on homework alongside their mother studying in the library.

Excitement built steadily as we

neared the conclusion of the fall term when Professor Barbara Donovan, new to the Wesleyan family, was preparing to add to her own family. Students and faculty alike could not help but feel that the celebration of her new family was also in some ways a celebration of the growth of Wesleyan's family.

Indeed, family in all regards was cherished at Wesleyan. The relationships which were formed and the lasting memories which will long bring us back to our days at Wesleyan were not forced. Rather, the essence and idea of family was, and is, a primary characteristic in Wesleyan's story.



Enjoying a relaxing occasion with her dog, Eli, Joy Joyner makes herself comfortable as she prepares to watch the class soccer games on homecoming morning.

With an adorable smile and sweet giggle, Beth Kight, daughter of Monica Kight, gets a lot of attention at the Off-Campus and Encore Student League's Fall Family Picnic.



The atmosphere at Color Rush was indeed a family affair. Dr. Delmas Crisp talks quietly with his daughter, Amy Crisp, as they return from participating in Color Rush celebrations.



Demonstrating pride in his daughter, Michele McDuffie, Dan McDuffie makes the most of his time with her during Fall Family Weekend.

TO BEHAVE
LIKE
FREE SPIRITS

IS
Strength undefeatable



On one of the first cool days of fall, students, faculty and friends of Wesleyan gathered on the SRC soccer field to enjoy one of the most exhilarating of homecoming activities. Among the sights was the array of students in their Color Rush garb and the plump pig on a leash that was to be on the receiving end of a much anticipated kiss from Dr. Ronald Toll.

Perhaps with nostalgia for the

"little train that could," Pirates created a fiery red train, complete with smoke-stack and caboose. Shouts for victory and cheers for Pirate pride could be heard from the small but united class celebrating their final Color Rush in classic style.

In culmination of their week long rush to victory, the Purple Knights put on a medieval rendition of chivalry, complete with swords, armor, a dragon, and a queen. Keeping true to the sign on the Candler Building, which promised to "get medieval," the Purple Knights emerged victorious.

The Golden Heart class demonstrated the glory of their class colors, alive not only on the field, but as golden leaves dripping from the trees behind

them. Alive with spirit and enthusiasm, the Golden Hearts created a rush of gold while displaying their pride in sisterhood.

Adding a unique dimension to the Color Rush experience, Green Knights dressed as modern warriors. "Be all that you can be" was the theme of the Green Knights' first Color Rush. With a military gait and a flood of fatigues, the Green Knights fought in a battle they hoped would end in victory.

Indeed, Color Rush of 1996 was one to remember. As the Pirates participated in the event for the last time and the Green Knights for the first, there was a sense of pride for Wesleyan, nostalgia for the past, and optimism for the future.



One step away from Camelot, Queen of the Realm of the Purple Knights, Laura Neff, leads her classmates in Color Rush excitement. During the Homecoming celebration, the Purple Knights did their best to re-create the past by draping the campus with medieval adornments.



Complete with her Rat Stick and outfitted in classic Golden Heart colors, Melissa Roberts demonstrates the close knit community of Wesleyan as she joins hands in excitement with Golden Heart, Nicole Miller.



The little train that could will never stop for these Pirates. Cheering their class, Pirates celebrate their last Color Rush.

With a five o'clock shadow and military fatigues, Green Knight, Carrie Stribling, is dressed to kill as she joins the Green Knight class in their effort to win the Color Rush war.

In anticipation of a sweet kiss on the forehead of a plump pig, Dr. Ronald Toll displays a syringe labeled "swine flu vaccine."

ITS MEMORIZED
GLANCES AND
ITS MURMURS
ARE INFINITELY
PRECIOUS



e are tomorrow's past

Spilling into every moment was a memory and tradition flowing into the present from a reservoir of love, loyalty, sadness and pain. As we reached forward into the future, we at the same time reached back into a cherished legacy of tradition. If we were to talk about Wesleyan, it might be accurate to say that Wesleyan is tradition as well as innovation, and has been since her inception.

Throughout the year we celebrated our days at Wesleyan in ap-

preciation of what had been as well as what was to come. The secrecy of RAT, the busy antics of STUNT, and the boisterous roar of class cheers fold themselves annually into the living story of Wesleyan. The memories and celebration of what might have been and the initiative to begin anew characterized this past year.

Greeted with warm smiles and sentimental tears, the Wesleyan community welcomed the Green Knight Class of 1996 into the spirit of sisterhood which characterized Homecoming 1996. The tradition of coming back home to Wesleyan is a long standing legacy of dedication to the memories and the heritage of our community.

As they retraced the steps which seniors have taken years in be-

fore, the Pirate Class of 1997 walked from the marker of the old campus to the Mulberry Street Methodist Church to celebrate the Baccalaureate Ceremony. Wesleyannes, many years ago, walked the same path from the old Conservatory to the church each Sunday. As the Pirates of 1997 walked that path, they could not help but consider the spirit that united them with those who had walked before them.

Tradition is indeed an integral part of the Wesleyan story. As we proceeded through the year we could not help but be touched by the cherished past. Long ago there were women who burned a path that we later follow. It is because of them that we are who we are today.



Nostalgic for old times and cherishing old friends, Laura Facey, Amelia Anderson, Leigh Anne Howard, and Heather Preuss spend precious moments together around the fountain during Homecoming. Each year, the most recent graduating class comes home to Wesleyan to take part in the tradition that is Wesleyan.

Wearing her RAT robe, Golden Heart, Jeannette Jackson, is on her way to join her classmates in preparation for the RAT activities held that night. The Ratting process is a long standing tradition which has taken many forms over the years. The activities are designed to help seal the bond between first year students and the rest of the campus.



Celebrations of Herstory Week are marked by the highly anticipated Herstories Convocation, presented by the Assistant Dean and Registrar of the College, Patricia Hardeman. Fascinated by the stories told by Dean Hardeman, Tina Reid, examines the pictures in an old Veterropt during this year's Herstories Convocation.

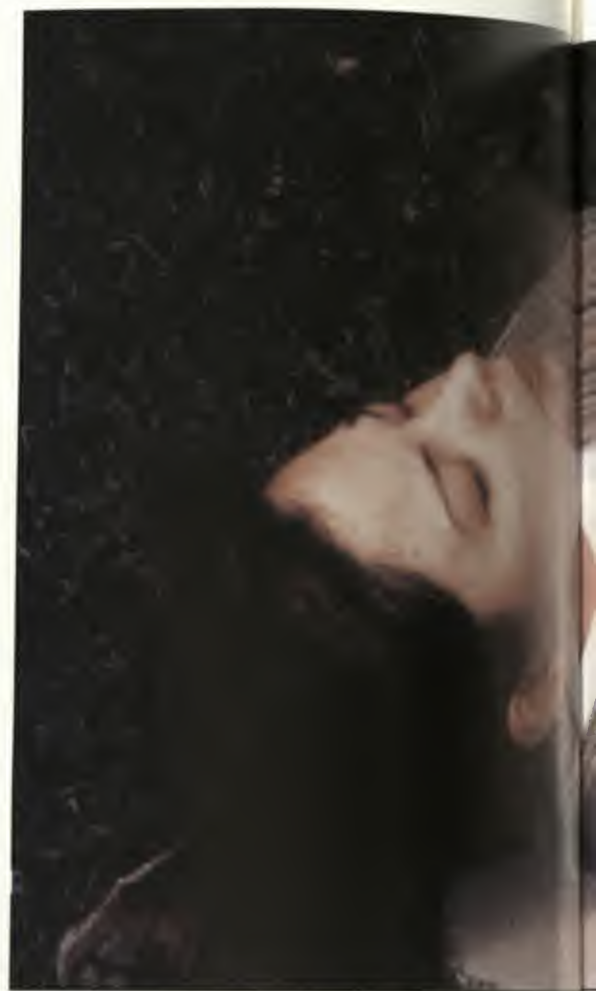


Demonstrating pure exuberance, Erin Dallas, holds up her steak on the long awaited Steak Night. Students look forward to a break from run of the mill cafeteria delights and relish the taste of steak and potatoes.

ONE CANNOT
COLLECT ALL
THE BEAUTIFUL
SEASHELLS



ut one can try



With beautiful mornings and elegant nights, much of what will be remembered about

Wesleyan is the radiance of her surroundings. Walking along the banks of Foster Lake or among the oak trees that grace the campus,

one could not help but feel at home. The stately buildings, the smell of freshly cut grass and the multitude of columns that support various structures as well as our spirits; all of these images remind us of our years at Wesleyan.

Wherever we may go we will remember our early morning strolls. We will remember how the afternoon light spills through the grand arched windows of Anderson Dining Hall, setting our friends' faces aglow in warm sunshine. We will remember the light posts which lit our paths and the marble steps upon which we rested.

Indeed, Wesleyan revealed her spirit to us through the grace of her elegant surroundings. The strength of the spirit of Wesleyan comes alive in the vivid colors which grace the campus throughout the year. From the lush green leaves of late summer, the golden leaves which blanket the ground in fall, to the bright pink blossoms of spring which eventually create a sea of pink

below, Wesleyan's essence shines through.

It is not often that a place becomes synonymous with tremendous admiration and respect. As our days progress and our spirits age, the sight of Georgian buildings, marble staircases, arched windows and fields of grass will always bring our minds and memories back to the days we spent at Wesleyan.

When we think of Wesleyan we do not think of a mere institution. Rather, we imagine a beautiful package with history, tradition and love captured inside. With every step we took this past year and with every moment of peacefulness we felt surround us, we became a part of Wesleyan.



After an afternoon of excitement at the Off-Campus and Encore Student League Fall Family Picnic, Suzanne Grigsby enjoys the peacefulness of her surroundings while resting on a picnic bench by beautiful Foster Lake.



A reminder of Wesleyan's rich heritage, a group of intricately designed Asian dolls is displayed in Willet Memorial Library.



In the warm light of the afternoon, benches which grace Wesleyan's quad symbolize the warm and welcoming atmosphere of Wesleyan. Throughout the year, the benches are home to warm conversations, quiet contemplation and occasional class sessions.

Studying the menu in front of colorful signs, Lisa Canfield contemplates new additions to the Common Ground. Students enjoyed a variety of coffees, milkshakes and snacks as they listened to popular music and enjoyed the peaceful atmosphere of the Common Ground.

Lunch could never be better eaten anywhere else. Enjoying each other's company, Angie Hilton and Denise Hooper, rock gently in the rocking chairs of Mount Vernon Porch. A common place to meet and talk, the porch brings back memories of shared times.

THE LONELIEST
WOMAN
IN THE
WORLD IS
WITHOUT



lose women friends



A shoulder to cry on, moments to cherish, a deep feeling of contentment which warms the soul and consoles the heart; these were but a few of the best things that grew out of friendship.

Amidst the trials, troubles, excitement, and monumental gains, friends at Wesleyan were the foundation and comfort of each day.

Whether homesick for Mom

and Dad or saddened by a nagging problem, there was always someone there to turn to. Sights of friends sitting on rocking chairs engaged in serious conversations, vivid images of intense laughter which seemed as though it would never stop, and helpful hands carrying a heavy load were all moments forever ingrained in our memories.

A place rarely becomes significant for whom you come to know there, but Wesleyan was one of those unique havens. Students, as well as faculty and staff, cherished Wesleyan this year because it was a living heart beating in unison with the hearts of those who held it dear.

To be a friend was more than a passing obligation. Friendship bridged the gulfs of both culture and age. Friendship involved not only the opportunity to enjoy the good times, but also the obligation to weather the bad.

There came a time in every Wesleyanne's life when she needed a shoulder to cry on or the honest opinion of someone she could trust. Without friends, we would not have gotten through the year. Without friends we would not have thrived. The close bonds formed through commitment to common goals have given Wesleyannes friends that forever remain dear.



Happiness could never be more evident as Nichole Amault peeks from behind Amy Daniels during Color Rush 1996. Color Rush is an annual event that brings Wesleyannes closer together in shared spirit.

With a meaningful embrace, Lisa Bridges congratulates Lisa Canfield for her outstanding role on the Purple Knight class soccer team.



Exhilaration consumes Jena Forehand and Jody Gordon as they celebrate Senior Skip Day on the hood of a car. Seniors take a traditional cruise around campus in the wee hours of the morning.



After learning a bit about creativity at a fall convocation, Karri Medley, Christina Cote, and Heather Thomas gather in Anderson Dining Hall in a gesture of friendship.

THE TRUEST EXPRESSION OF A PEOPLE IS IN ITS DANCES AND ITS MUSIC



The

he long anticipated tradition of STUNT rolled into everyone's lives a bit earlier this year. A February 15th show date that alleviated the stress of STUNT during March midterms made the first few months of 1997

seem to fly by. All were busy during the tumultuous, but rewarding, days of STUNT, and for many, academics went by the wayside as all night paint sessions and rehearsals engulfed every spare moment of time.

Anticipation mounted during the final STUNT performances as English professor, Matt Martin delayed the announcement of the STUNT winners with a reading from *Moby Dick* peppered with cat-calls from an impatient audience. Finally, Martin declared that the Purple Knight Class had won the 1997 STUNT Cup.

The 1997 Purple Knight STUNT, written by Sarah Weeks, Dena Zeitouni, Carmie Kypriandes, Melinda Caspers, and Bianca Venuto, was set in Sadecambi Regional Airport where all flights were cancelled due to a snow storm, leaving children, college students, executives and flight attendants together in an airport frantically trying to make new travel plans. In the midst of travel chaos, love bloomed, crooks were arrested and a millionaire tried to find one genuinely nice person to whom to give \$1,000,000.

For the second year in a row the Pirates of 1997 won the coveted Spirit Cup. The Spirit Cup is awarded to the class exhibiting the

highest degree of the spirit of sisterhood during STUNT. The Pirates spirit showed through during their last STUNT. The Pirate STUNT of 1997, written by Carrie Herndon, Christy McMillan, Chavita McWilliams, Brandy Conner and Wendy Lazzaro focused on a corporate conspiracy at Bernie's Candy Factory. The owner's greedy niece Brenda, attempted to take over her aunt's candy factory, turning it from a cheerful place to a dreary factory where profit is the highest priority. With a roller-blading conspiracy theorist and two candy workers who reminded us of Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum, the Pirate cast of characters kept the audience laughing throughout the performance.

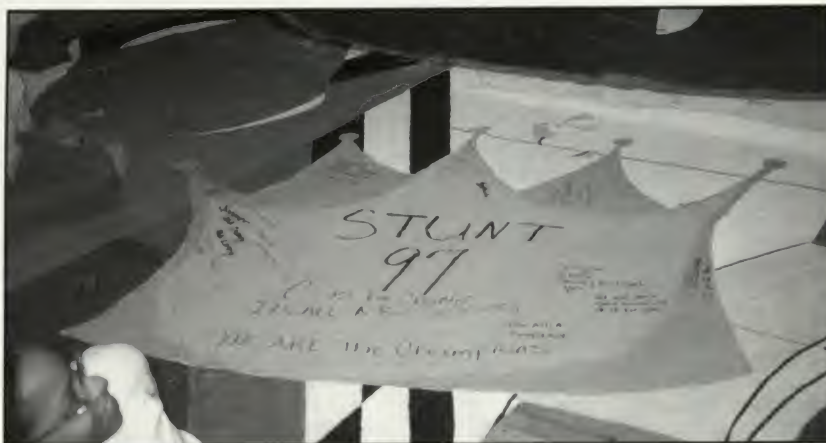
The Golden Heart STUNT, written by Jennifer Rosado, Nicholas Arnault, Odonia Ezell, Lisa Dowell and Mary Lynn Johnson, took us back to our days at Summer Camp. At Camp Upakooka two rival camp cliques, the nerdy "Birds" and the cool "Brainless" battled it out during camp Field Day. The nerdy Birds got teased by the more popular kids in camp, but showed them, through winning Field Day, that even the Birds and the Brainless could get along.

The Green Knights put on a stunning premier performance with their STUNT, "We 'R' Toys" written by Carrie Stribling, Erin Young, Orendia Vaughn, Lisa Wentz and Robyn Harris. The GK STUNT was set in the We 'R' Toys store the night before the biggest shopping day of the year. The toys engaged in an all night investigation to discover who wrecked Bebe Doll's car. Fefe Hair Doll was falsely accused and jailed. She then hired Detective Gidget to discover the real perpetrator while the toy story unfolded in soap operatic proportions.

With her hair tied in green ribbons, Caroline Talavera practices her role in the Green Knight STUNT. Caroline joined other GKs in their portrayal of a toy store embroiled in a mystery.



In her role as an evil corporate boss, Allison Mason epitomizes the cutthroat ruthlessness of the 90s business world. Wielding her cellular phone, Allison helped to whip the Pirate Class STUNT into shape.



Perusing her script, Kim Benoit practices with other Purple Knights for their STUNT Cup-winning skit. The PK Class made us all laugh with their onstage airport antics.



With a loud burst of enthusiasm, the Golden Heart Class wraps up an exhausting STUNT rehearsal by practicing their STUNT's grand finale. The Golden Heart Class worked for hours in order to remind us that everyone can be friends.

AFTER AN HOUR'S DISCOURSE A NUGGET OF PURE TRUTH TO KEEP



n the mantelpiece forever

"Convocation": a word dreaded by some, heralded by few, but, in the end, appreciated by many. The theme for the 1997 convocation series was "Frontiers," pushing the Wesleyan community to surpass the boundaries in all aspects of their lives. As a community we were pushed to "think, experiment, observe, and create" as Pioneers in new academic frontiers. By challenging our frontiers we were pushed to appreciate who we were, accept our potential and generate the courage to pursue our goals and dreams.

The Wesleyan Frontiers Convocation series brought a great deal of interesting events and speakers to the Wesleyan campus. Among the most memorable of the convocations was the creativity convocation at which we were encouraged to keep each other's creative balloons in the air, the safety convocation where a Bibb County sheriff

described and demonstrated ways in which we could secure our own safety, and the Honor Code Convocation in which Professor John Rakestraw urged us to value the community we shared, one built on trust and honesty.

Music and dramatic performance was also a large part of the Frontiers Convocation Series. The Wesleyan calendar was dotted with such special events as the performance of the Shenandoah Shakespeare Express' "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and a performance of *Bale Folclorico Da Bahia*, a Brazilian dance company which performed African-derived dances.

Whether through magnificent performances or lectures by noted academics, the Wesleyan Frontiers Convocation series added a unique excitement to the depth and breadth of Wesleyan's continuous pursuit of knowledge.





At a safety and security convocation, Dottie Whittington is shown by a Bibb County sheriff how to defend herself if an attacker attempts to choke her. During the safety convocation Wesleyans learned a number of techniques to maximize personal safety.

This view of Porter Auditorium is seen by many a student while walking to the convocations held there. From Opening Convocation in the fall to the Senior One Act Plays in the spring, the Auditorium houses many convocations each year.



The Herstories Convocation provides an excellent opportunity for students and alumni to gather. Pirate Kara Bollmeier and Director of Alumnae Affairs, Cathy Snow, discuss Wesleyan memorabilia at the convocation sponsored by the Alumnae Association.

Philosopher-king John Rakestraw prepares his lecture at the Honor Code Convocation. A featured speaker for several years, Dr. Rakestraw's poignant addresses are a highlight of the convocation series.

OUR MODERN FAIRY TALES BEGIN WITH, "IF I AM ELECTED..."



*T*he peculiarities of politics came to Wesleyan as Director of Public Relations, Barbara Brannon, received a call that President Bill Clinton "might" be coming to Macon on one of his campaign stops. Time was of the essence. The Clinton camp and

Barbara Brannon had less than a week to gather volunteers to help with the monumental task of hosting the President of the United States. In the beginning details about the time and place of the event were sketchy. All Brannon could do was send an e-mail asking for volunteers who might be interested in helping with the event. She could give them the date, but exact times and locations were top secret. Brannon got a lot of responses back from Wesleyan eager to become a part of Wesleyan and Macon's history. As the only college in the area which could organize its forces of volunteers fast enough, students from Wesleyan made up the majority of the volunteers at the event and got to participate in special duties such as driving cars in the presidential motorcade.

The day of the event Macon was swarming with police and Secret Service Agents. Officers and individuals in official looking vehicles lined the interstate every quarter of a mile from Robins Air Force Base to the Macon City Auditorium. Local hospitals were put on alert and a wall of large construction vehicles circled the entire block where the event was to take place. The crowds were

overwhelming, appearing as if all of Macon had come out to see the President. Marching bands and buses full of school kids jammed the streets of Macon and lines of people waiting to get past security stretches for nearly a mile down Cherry Street. Inside the wall of construction vehicles, past the metal detectors and heavily armed security forces was a crowd of people waving Clinton-Gore 1996 signs and a local marching band that played festive tunes. On the tops of all surrounding buildings were Secret Service agents with rifles, binoculars scoping the crowd for suspicious activity. To the right of the stage where the President would speak was a press stand where White House Correspondents such as Cokie Roberts stood for the event.

Nearly an hour and a half after the crowds had arrived, the speaker including Governor Zell Miller, Macon Mayor Jim Marshall and Commissioner Larry Justice began the program welcoming the president to Macon. Finally a figure appeared in the doorway behind the stage. The crowd recognizing the president's shadowed figure cheered excitedly. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief" and Bill Clinton stepped out onto the stage with his presidential wave and lip-biting smile. During the event the President was given a Macon Whoopee hockey jersey with his name on it which he joked he would give to Hillary for her birthday. The crowd listened attentively as Clinton spoke, praising Governor Miller's HOPE scholarship program and singing the praises of the Democratic Party. As the event came to a close, the president stepped down off the stage for a lengthy tour among people in the crowd seeking a hand shake or an autograph from their smiling president.



A volunteer at the Clinton campaign rally in Macon, Jessica Salter waits for President Clinton to approach her side of the crowd. After his speech, Clinton walked among the audience shaking hands and signing autographs.

The Clinton rally was full of excitement. Above, Clinton waves to the crowd, Secret Service agents scan the audience, members of the press film the event, and a Clinton aide places the Presidential Seal on the president's podium.

TO KNOW
ONE'S SELF
IS WISDOM,
BUT
TO KNOW
ONE'S
is *Genius* NEIGHBOR

Wesleyan is not just acreage nestled in north Macon. Wesleyan is also a historic part of the Macon community. The old Wesleyan Conservatory used to be located downtown on College Street where the United States Post Office now stands. An official marker identifies the site as the place where the first college chartered to grant degrees to women first stood. Each spring graduates walk down Mulberry Street, about one half of a mile to Mulberry Street Methodist Church. Although the Conservatory burned one night in the 1960s eliminating what was left of Wesleyan downtown, Wesleyannes are still magically tied to the beauty and history of downtown Macon.

A look at downtown Macon today inspires thoughts of Wesleyan's historic heritage. Wesleyannes can imagine what it was like to live and study at the old Conservatory. Throughout the year a number of outdoor festivals draw Wesleyannes for weekends filled with fun and excitement. With events such as the Cherry Blossom Festival, the Mulberry Street Arts and Crafts Festival, First Night Macon and the lively theater and museum district, Wesleyannes can't help but be drawn downtown.

Of course, there are other reasons for going downtown. Mercer University is one of the reasons. Located on College Street, Mercer is home to a great many men, a commodity strictly lacking at Wesleyan. In addition, downtown Macon is home to a number of night clubs and hot spots, such as the Cellar and Elizabeth Reed Music Hall, frequented by Wesleyannes looking for a good time.

Among other things, Macon is known for its beauty. Historic homes and beautiful southern foliage grace Macon's streets and add a charm to life that is rarely found anywhere else. With historic Macon as her home, Wesleyan can never be far from the beauty and ideals that form her historic majesty.



From the shady walks under the cherry blossoms in downtown Macon, to the clock tower on the Bibb County Courthouse overlooking downtown Macon, the sights and sounds of Macon bring to mind classic southern charm. The crowd at the Mulberry Street Arts and Crafts Festival is overwhelmed with the unique and special talents of local Georgia craftspeople.

Stay is

A CHARMING WORD IN A FRIEND'S VOCABULARY

President Bob Ackerman came to Wesleyan before most students at Wesleyan today had made it through elementary school, before we cared about college and when most of us still thought boys had cooties. Thus, for most of us Bob Ackerman was as much a part of Wesleyan as her sprawling campus and plump magnolias. From our initial contact with the school until the last day of June 1997, Bob Ackerman was the man at the helm of women's education as we knew it. He was her leader and had been for thirteen years. He had for many students become a surrogate grandfather and for many alumnae, a life long friend. We can never doubt that a man can be as devoted to Wesleyan as we are to her.

In addition to firing up breakfast and dinner sessions of Senate with such Marine speak as "firing a shot over the bow," in the thirteen years Bob Ackerman was president of Wesleyan, he was able to redefine Wesleyan in a way that pulled her out of financial uncertainty and placed her firmly at the top of liberal arts and women's education. For that we owe him the greatest debt of gratitude.

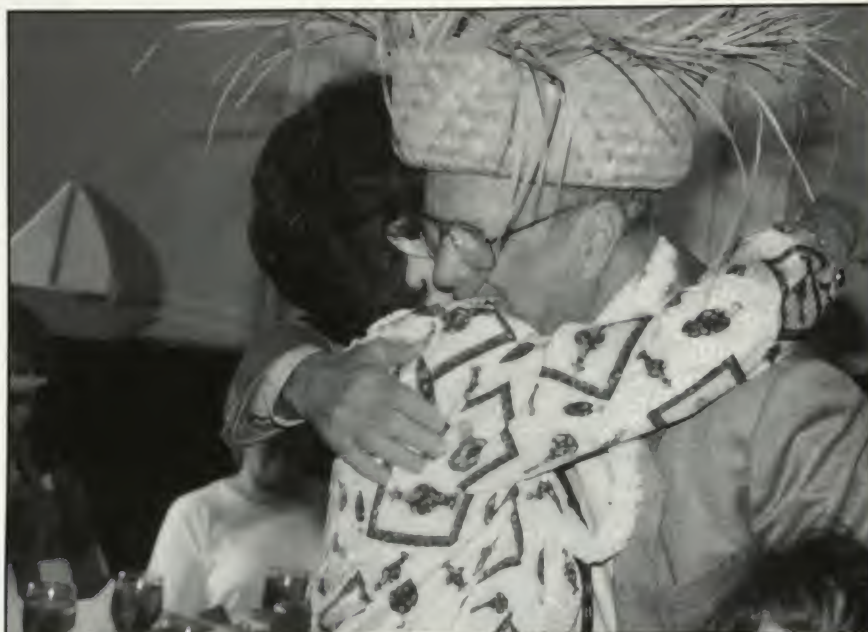
The announcement that President Ackerman was going to retire at the end of fiscal year 1997 came as a surprise to many of us, but brought sentimental parties and moments as we relished our last year with the man who had brought Wesleyan so far in such a short period of time. Seeing President Ackerman on the sidelines during a soccer game or eating lunch with students in the Anderson Dining Hall became even more special as we realized the time for such displays of affection and interest was short.

President Ackerman's last official ceremonial duties at Wesleyan came May 3, 1997, as Ackerman gave the commencement address to the graduating class of 1997. With an address filled with what he had learned about moral philosophy and with allusions to Plato's ghost, Ackerman burned a lasting image into the story of Wesleyan; a truly moral man whose heart and home will always be at Wesleyan.





The retirement of President Robert Ackerman was big news in central Georgia. A reporter from Fox News 24 interview President Ackerman about his last days in office and his plans for retirement.



At a retirement luau sponsored by the faculty, Professor Jeanette Shackelford embraces President Ackerman in a gesture of farewell. President Ackerman's last days were filled with parties and picnics and a bittersweet sense of goodbye.

In the Wesleyan tradition, a portrait of retiring president, Robert Kilgo Ackerman now hangs in Tate Hall. President Ackerman's portrait was unveiled prior to his commencement address to the graduating class of 1997.

IF I SMASHED THE TRADITIONS IT WAS BECAUSE I KNEW NO TRADITIONS

*T*he first woman president for the first college for women; the retirement of President Robert K. Ackerman, Ph.D. and the announcement that Nora Kizer Bell, Ph.D. would be Wesleyan's next president would close one chapter of Wesleyan's story and open yet another. The ringing of the carillon at 12:00 p.m. on Tuesday, April 29, beckoned each member of the Wesleyan community to the grounds in front of the Porter Auditorium to witness, firsthand, a new era in Wesleyan's long tradition of the education of women.

Dr. Bell graduated magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Randolph-Macon's Women's College in 1962 and went on to pursue a master of arts in philosophy at the University of South Carolina and a doctorate in philosophy at the University of North Carolina. Accepting the nomination of president by the Wesleyan College Board of Trustees, minutes after the Board's unanimous vote, Dr. Bell said, speaking to the crowd of students, faculty and staff, that she was "humbled" that the trustees had chosen to "entrust Wesleyan," a "special jewel in higher education," to her leadership.

Dr. Bell's plans for Wesleyan include establishing Wesleyan as first among women's colleges by building its national reputation and stressing the quality of the Wesleyan liberal arts curriculum. A true believer in the value of a liberal arts education, Dr. Bell brings a great deal of experience to Wesleyan. Dr. Bell served as dean of the University of North Texas' College of Arts and Sciences prior to becoming the president of Wesleyan and served previously as a faculty member and higher education administrator at the University of South Carolina.

A philosopher and bioethicist, Dr. Bell is the author of *Who Decides? Conflict of Rights in Health Care* (1982) and is in the process of writing another book in the field of bioethics. Dr. Bell has written widely on the ethical issues surrounding AIDS, reproduction, women's health and the allocation of scarce medical resources.



IL 11 r Wome



The air thick with excitement, Dr. Nora Kizer Bell announces her acceptance of the Wesleyan presidency. On hand for the announcement was the entire Wesleyan community.

Shortly after her acceptance of the Wesleyan presidency, Dr. Nora Kizer Bell shares her excitement with the local news media. An historic event, Wesleyan's appointment of her first woman president generated national media coverage.



Soon to be the three most prominent women at Wesleyan, Dean Priscilla Danheiser, Dr. Nora Kizer Bell, and SGA President-elect Nancy Hemingway discuss Dr. Bell's appointment late in the spring semester.

NO
MATTER
HOW BIG
OR SOFT
OR WARM
YOUR
BED IS.

You still have to get out of it



May 3, 1997: the day many looked forward to and the day many thought would never come. Graduation, the final step into Porter Auditorium as Wesleyan students, the first step as alumnae. The day itself was fairly cloudy and the skies threatened rain. As members of the Pirate Class prepared to walk from the loggia to the auditorium, wind blew tugging at well-earned Mortar Boards and the Wesleyan flag, faded and worn, whipped in the wind. Professors lined up outside of the auditorium in welcoming rows on one side of the auditorium's horseshoe forming an aisle through

which the graduates would walk, waiting for the students that they had had the pleasure of teaching for the previous four years. Hooders stood behind graduates, dressed in white, purple and lavender hoods draped across their arms. The suspense for many was agony. They had waited for this day for four long years. Yet, feelings were mixed. Wesleyan had also been their home for those four years, the Wesleyan community, their family.

This day was historic for Wesleyan for many reasons. Robert Kilgo Ackerman, President of the College was to give the commencement address, his last official

function as President before he retired. During the ceremony, he was presented with a portrait of himself and several individuals spoke of President Ackerman's many gifts to the school. Wesleyan will graduate 50 Pirates, a class which even President Ackerman referred to in his commencement address as the "few and the proud." As the few and the proud prepared to actually receive their diplomas, the thunder outside began to roar, adding a dramatic touch to a day which many already knew was reached only through providence of the highest magnitude. Adding to the drama which seemed to continuously accom-



Sharing a congratulatory hug, Pirates Allison Mason and Maris Williams enjoy a post-graduation celebration. The long awaited graduation day is over far more quickly than the yearlong anticipation.

Barely containing her exhilaration at finally completing her long and illustrious undergraduate career, Suzanne Grigsby barely avoids explosion after the traditional Baccalaureate Service at Mulberry Street Methodist Church.



the Pirates throughout their four years at Wesleyan, the lights in the auditorium flickered on and off as graduates crossed the stage to receive their diplomas.

Despite the lightning and thunder, the Pirate Class of 1997 graduated. Cheers rang out throughout the auditorium as the class' hooders carefully placed the Pirates' hoods over their heads, the Wesleyan alma mater being sung for the first time by the Alumnae Class of 1997.



The grace and beauty of Mulberry Street Methodist Church have long been a part of Wesleyan's story. The Baccalaureate Service for the graduating seniors is held there every year.



Caught in the spirit of Wesleyan during the Herstories Convocation this fall, Cammie Tipton holds a red carnation which signifies the Class. The flowers, representative of each class, are long-held symbols of the life and rebirth of the Wesleyan tradition.

Her Compositions



*L*ike the characters in a cherished novel, the students of Wesleyan are stories in and of themselves. From the incurable optimist whose full force of energy is aimed at making Wesleyan a better place to live and learn to the hard-working leader who sometimes takes a break for a good time and cracks a smile when you least expect it, the characters that make up Wesleyan's story are her compositions. A learning environment is not special simply because of its surroundings, or its location or its facilities, it is special because of its people. For Wesleyan, tradition, family, friends and delightful times combine with the force of nearly five hundred Wesleyanne personalities to create a single story. Here are her compositions.

THERE COMES
A TIME
IN EVERY
WOMAN'S LIFE
WHEN THE ONLY
THING THAT
HELPS IS A
GLASS OF
CHAMPAGNE



Standing unabashedly on an unguarded fire truck at Fire Station Number 6 on Vineville Avenue, members of the Pirate Class demonstrate not only their gumption, but also the pride they have for their class.

Like a celebratory glass of fine champagne, the tenacity and vivaciousness of the Pirate Class of 1997 will linger well beyond our days at Wesleyan. With a reputation for rambunctious spirit, the Pirates became notorious for events which brought alive the Pirate characteristic of being "red hot." Our Golden Heart big sisters

had to have big hearts to claim the crisis prone Pirates. Accidentally setting Persons Dorm on fire our freshman year made us prime suspects for a mysterious fire in Jones our junior year. However, despite our reputation, the Pirate Class will forever maintain its innocence.

Distinctive STUNTS also set the Pirates apart by illustrating just how wild and creative our collective neuron firings could be. No class other than the Pirates could have such a range of characters. We went from a nursing home for transvestites, to a time-traveling feline, to prank-pulling ghosts and finally

to a roller-blading candy factory employee.

In addition, while we set the campus ablaze in many ways, the Pirate spirit shined when it came to doing our part to help others. From the time we first set foot on the beautiful Wesleyan campus, Pirates have made it our duty to give others back what we have been given. Whether it be through the penny drive to help cancer charities, reading to hospitalized children, or working on environmental cleanups, the Pirate spirit kept shining.

Indeed, the undying spirit and strength of the Pirate Class will not soon be forgotten. We have



Marianne Beliveau

Psychology

With a pleasant personality and friendly gaze, Marianne is special to very many people. A strong sense of self as well as a passion for diligent, hard work make her a valuable student and a wonderful friend.



Glenda Bengsten

Psychology & Sociology

Glenda could not be any nicer, any smarter, any funnier, or easier to confide in. With a friendly greeting and true compassion and warmth, Glenda fills our hearts with kindness and love.

Kendra Biggs

Psychology

With creativity, honesty, energy and approachability, Kendra does everything and more. As one of Wesleyan's finest leaders and a true loyal friend, she sets an example to all students, giving every bit of herself to ensure the best for everyone.



Kara Bellmeier

Biology & Chemistry

A truly hard worker, Kara continually strives for success and accomplishes many of her goals. Kara's diligence, intelligence and special wit make her a truly unique and vital member of the Pirate Class.

grown so much since our first and second years at Wesleyan, when we used to dress up like sticks of "Big Red" gum and when we ran RAT. We flourished our Junior year when we won the soccer cup and truly came into our own during our Senior trip to Cancun. The Pirates of '97 will be remembered for many different things including: the class that loved "Margaritaville" and "Friends in Low Places." However, we will best be remembered as the few and the proud Pirates of 1997, and we will always treasure our days at Wesleyan.

Sherry Boyd

Art

Artistic expression is something that comes quite naturally to Sherry. Her gifts and her talents are exceedingly well appreciated. With a warm heart and a quiet, reserved loyalty, Sherry is someone special to have on your side.





Denna Bradford
Early Childhood Education

Denna's giggle and sense of humor are quite unique. With a smile and helping hand, Denna is the first to lighten your mood and the last to bring you down. A dutiful and enthusiastic worker, Denna combines her wit with diligence to make a personality that is irresistible.



Lisa Canfield

Psychology

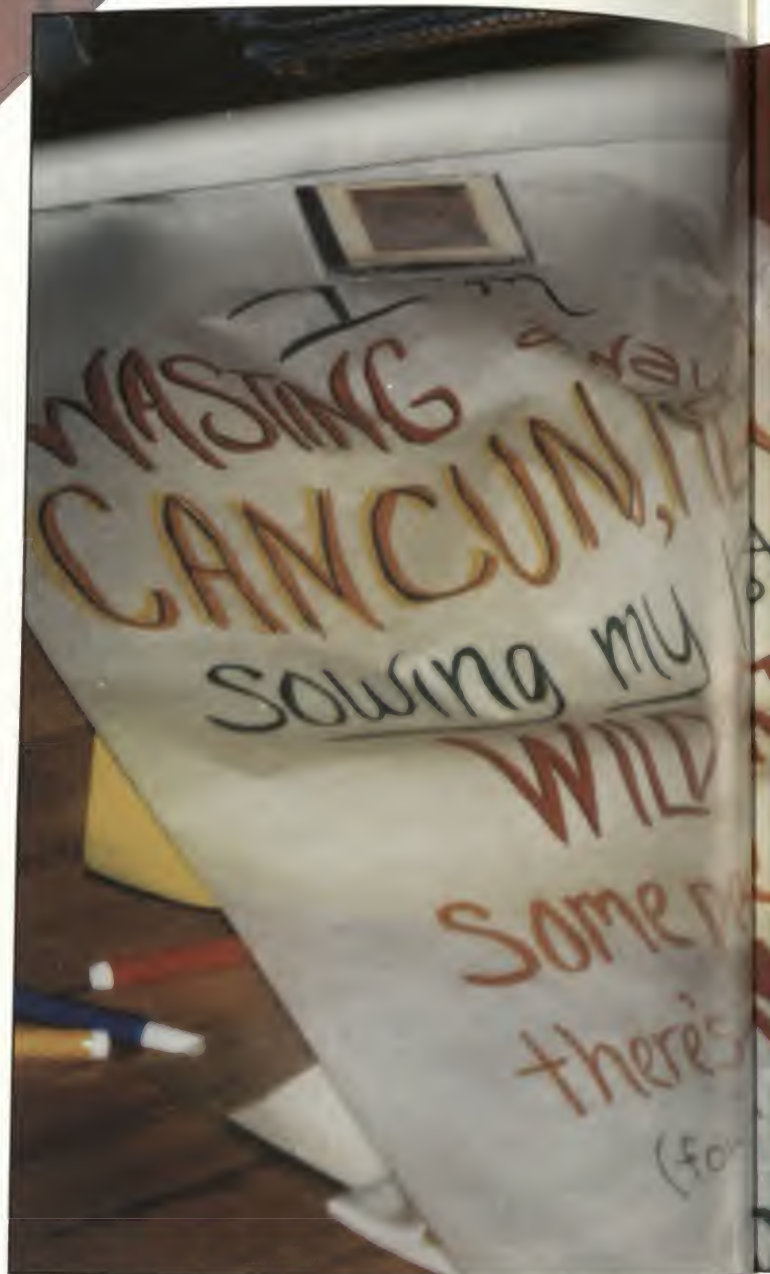
Everyone's friend and everyone's confidant, Lisa's bright, charming, and enthusiastic personality has made her a favorite among Wesleyans. With a positive glow and an undying optimism, Lisa always finds the best in everyone. Never uttering an unkind word, Lisa's heart is with Wesleyan.



Juliet Cannon

History-Political Science

Julie's eccentricity makes her fascinating. A lively conversationalist, Julie can take almost any subject and turn it into a topic for debate. Never one to accept monotony, Julie's vivacious personality ensures that no day with her will ever be the same.



Bidding farewell to Wesleyan and senior stress, seniors combined their expectations for wild Cancun nights with their love of Margaritaville in a very large letter to Wesleyan.

Leave a Trail

The long awaited day finally arrived. Senior Skip, the rite of passage, the unbroken tradition, was made new again by the Pirates as they honked, screamed, and toilet papered their way into the night that would eventually bring them to a cruise ship bound for Cancun, Mexico. The plans had been long in the making for this raucous weekend of adventure that began with a whirlwind ride around campus and a night of un-

bridled enthusiasm for leaving the Pirate mark anywhere and everywhere. Experiencing utmost hilarity, excited Pirates launched a crusade to toilet paper every tree, write sisterly love messages on campus sidewalks and splash Republican Missy Ryan's car with Clinton-Gore paraphernalia and messages of her loyalty to the Democratic party, and park it in front of Tate Hall. Underclassmen were also bemused to find

Tiffany Childress

Communication

Down-to-earth, with a sense of humor, Tiffany takes everything in stride. Known for her loyalty to friends and her warm smile, Tiffany is a person who brings the comfort of sisterhood together with a beautiful heart which matches a beautiful voice.



Georgia Connelley

Early Childhood Education

G.G.'s grace, dignity, and unbridled enthusiasm exude sisterhood. Doing everything with a smile, G.G. is a sensitive, caring and compassionate person with an incredible sense of humor, intelligence and no fear of being herself.



Brandy Conner

Biology

Brandy's gift for science nearly matches her gift for sports. Perhaps the only true athlete in the Pirate Class, Brandy makes the Pirates proud on and off the court and field. Brandy's good nature and hard work translate into success in everything she does.



Pamela Davis

History-Political Science & Philosophy

Sparkling, mischievous eyes signal the laughter that bubbles just under the surface of Pam's studious demeanor. Dedication to learning and excellence coexist in Pam with caring and compassion. Pam has a magical ability to say just the right thing to perk up a friend's day.



Trail

their dorm doors plastered with ship cream, duct tape and other fine delicacies. While messy, the work performed under the bright stars served its purpose. As the sun rose over Wesleyan's campus, the evidence of the night before lay undisturbed as a lingering reminder of the class which would soon be gone for good.



A wild ride around campus leaves Maris Williams giddy and Christy McMillan dazed. The traditional senior caravan through campus is accompanied by screams, horns and loud music.

Jennifer Eddy

Middle Grades Education

An animal self-confidence accompanies Jennifer's sense of humor and attention to her work. Jennifer's dedication and loyalty to her friends as well as her willingness to help out anyone she can make her an asset to Wesleyan.



Janet Tullen

Environmental Economics

Setting her goals and getting things done. Janet is a determined and dedicated person. With intelligence, wit and special loyalty, Janet has been truly successful in everything she has done.



Jena Furhand

Middle Grades Education

With a beautiful and selfless personality, Jena gives her all to the Pirates and to Wesleyan. While her sense of humor and purely kind heart are sometimes hidden behind an unobtrusive personality, Jena's loyal and loving kindness always shines through.



Denise Gornley

Psychology

A truly caring, loyal friend and listener, Denise is a joy to be around. A willingness to have fun and an unpredictable nature join Denise's strong sense of self to make a unique and special member of the Pirate class.



Suzanne Gugsby

Philosophy

A true lover of learning, Suzanne's quest for knowledge is of the purest form. Intelligent, friendly and devoted to Wesleyan, Suzanne is always willing to work hard and help others. A warm smile and curiosity about the world accompany Suzanne's deep sense of justice and what is right.



Carrie Henden

International Relations

Carrie's intelligence and original sense of humor carry her far. Known for her 'clever wit' and for her ability to look at anything from a fresh perspective, Carrie's down-to-earth nature and 'old school' habits make her one in a million.



Of Moments



Enthralled by the magic of the moment, Suzanne Spooner receives a congratulatory hug from senior, Jessica Salinas after being crowned the 1996 Homecoming Queen.



Maryan Hill

Mathematics with
Secondary Certification

Her goals
clearly set. Beth
knows exactly what she
wants and goes after it.
A strong and respected
leader of the Pirate
Class. Beth's spirit and
dedication have been
a strength to us all
during the best and
worst of times.



Julie Howell

Religion

With a calm
and distinguished grace,
Julie is someone that
you can trust with your
life. Her unending
kindness and honesty
make her a special
friend. With an
intelligence that is
admirable and an
openness that is
enviable, Julie can't
help but make
those around her
feel special.

Nothing is better than a good surprise. For Suzanne Spooner, her position on the homecoming court was enough of an honor. She never thought she would be crowned Queen. In the early afternoon of a fall day, the Wesleyan community gathered around the fountain to watch the presentation of the homecoming court and the crowning of the Homecoming Queen of 1996. A hushed silence was broken by Suzanne's own voice. An astonished, "thank you,

oh my God, thank you," followed Suzanne's dropped-jaw expression as she heard herself named this year's queen. It was evident from Suzanne's face that she was truly surprised to hear the news. Having no time to let the announcement sink in, Suzanne was soon faced with dozens of congratulatory hugs. "She really deserved it. I am so happy for her," said Jessica Salinas soon after the announcement, "she is such a special person."



Astonishment was never so clear as Britany Dixon, Wesleyan's 1995 Homecoming Queen, places a dozen red roses in Suzanne Spooner's hands and proclaims her this year's Homecoming Queen.

Bobbie Kibler

Studio Art

A free spirit and kind are essential aspects of Bobbie's personality. Open, friendly and caring, Bobbie is a unique and special individual. Always willing to listen and laugh, Bobbie makes days at Wesleyan lighter and brighter with her artistic flair and kind heart.



Teraye Jefferson

Early Childhood Education

A friendly smile and an air of self-confidence accompany Teraye's sense of humor and friendly nature. Kind and giving, Teraye is a loving and unique individual who works diligently to attain her goals.

Joy Joyner

Psychology

With a passion for animals, especially horses, Joy has a truly kind heart. Rooted in her principles, Joy has a wonderful sense of humor and duty. Dedicated and dynamic, Joy's free spirit makes her a unique and passionate individual.



Monica Knight

English

With a sense of humor that is out of this world, Monica will always tell it like it is. Honest, open and down-to-earth, Monica will never let you down. A caring and warm person, Monica won't try to be anything but herself. That makes her special.

Fancy Lingerie

Affectionately known as "Uncle Jim," Pirate class sponsor, Dr. Jim Rowan, was, indeed, a member of the "Big Red," participating in everything from class meetings to donning a red construction-paper bra during Homecoming '96

celebrations. As a host for special events, a true source of down-to-earth wisdom and a friend to class members, Rowan performed his duties exceptionally well. While his job description for class sponsor didn't include wearing bras or coming to late-night pep rallies, Rowan didn't mind going the extra mile for the Pirate Class. "Dr. Rowan is one professor who really cares" said one Pirate during discussions of Rowan, "he really is one of us." "He was also strong when

the class needed someone...we couldn't thank him enough," said another.

Without a doubt, Rowan was an irreplaceable and invaluable member of the Pirate class. Never one to forget his cowboy boots or his sense of humor, one could always pick Rowan out of a crowd. With a love for life that matched the Pirates', Dr. Rowan was indeed part of the Pirate Class story.

Teresa Larson

Business Administration

The softest tough person most have met. Teresa's honesty makes her one of Wesleyan's most reliable. With a heart of gold and a strength suitable for any battle, her intelligence and sense of humor make her an asset to any endeavor. Her strength and kindness make her a devoted friend.



Evelyn Leatherman

Biology

A kind heart and superb mind characterize Evelyn. Working hard at everything she does, Evelyn always accomplishes her goals. Sometimes quiet, sometimes a free spirit, Evelyn is firmly grounded in her beliefs and in her sense of self.

Jennifer Leonard

Early Childhood Education

A special part of the Pirate Class, Jennifer is a patient and understanding person with a warm, kind heart. A beautiful voice matches her friendly demeanor. Sincere and thoughtful, Jennifer is a devoted friend.



Allison Mason

Psychology

Truly southern, Allison reminds everyone to smile. Brightening our days with her friendly and lively approach to life, Allison is someone special to us all. Planted in God and firm in her beliefs, Allison always accomplishes her goals.

Mary Mitchell

English & History

Mary is a friend to us all and accomplishes anything she sets her mind to. A lot tougher and smarter than people sometimes give her credit for, Mary has touched many lives at Wesleyan. With such a deep love for Wesleyan it is no wonder that Wesleyan has such a love for her.



With a free spirit that matches that of the Pirates', class sponsor Jim Rowan dons a red construction-paper bra as he and Glenna Dod watch Color Rush celebrations. Rowan was no stranger to Pirate pride, attending many special events.

Christy McMillen
Early Childhood Education

An air of hometown comfort surrounds Christy. Fun, loyal and full of southern charm, Christy is a cherished friend to many. Her love of God and her love of Wesleyan are matched by few. Always willing to help, Christy is a special part of the Pirate Class.



Masue Murata
International Business

Few could have Masue's adventurous approach to life or her grace. Funny, smart and full of energy, Masue is a very special part of the Pirate Class. Never without a smile and a quick "hello," Masue is everyone's friend.

Rosiness is not a worse

Helen Orlando

Psychology
Intelligent and full of intrigue, Helen is one of a kind. With motherly advice, common sense and a sense of humor that matches no other, Helen is a special friend and confidant to many.



Stephanie Pale

History with Secondary Certification
Smart, hard-working and funny, Stephanie knows her friends better than they know themselves. Dedicated to Wesleyan and the Pirate Class, Stephanie is one of the most spirited Pirates.

Erin Pippel

Psychology
Sweet, loving, kind and generous, Erin is a friend to many. Loyal to her friends and ready with a smile, Erin is someone you can always turn to. A leader and a learner, Erin is one of a kind.



Shari Pulanski

Biology
Full of energy and a passion for horses, you are likely to find Shari with her friends or at the stables. Willing to talk to anyone and sharing a smile with everyone, Shari has a happy-go-lucky attitude.



Always displaying her spirit and pride for the Pirate Class and for Wesleyan, Mary Mitchell studies quietly prior to a convocation.



Evelyn Hawcliffe

Chemistry

Sweet and kind to the core, no one could be as sincere as Evelyn. Intelligent and vivacious. Evelyn is everyone's friend and everyone's confidant. Generous and hard working. Evelyn gives her all to Wesleyan.



Jessica Salinas

Psychology

No one could be cuter than Jessica. Smart, enthusiastic and fun to be with. Jessica's Texas charm puts a spell on everyone. A sincerely nice person. Jessica is a kind, loyal and dedicated friend.

Window-pane

What can't you say about Mary Mitchell? She's kind, selfless, intelligent, generous, lively, friendly and this year's winner of the highly coveted Wesleyan Woman of Success award. Each year the Wesleyan Woman of Success award is presented to the individual which the *Pioneer* newspaper staff deems likely to achieve her goals while living up to the Wesleyan spirit. During her four years at Wesleyan, Mary blossomed, becoming active in everything and being a friend to everyone. No other Pirate can be said to be

so spirited and so faithful to her friends and her school.

In addition to being spirited, Mary is also a high achiever in the classroom. As a double major in English and History, Mary worked hard to achieve her goals and accomplished many of them. Mary was also an extremely active member of the Pirate class. Pirate class representative, CRC Vice-president, and Mortar Board Secretary are only a few examples of the offices she has held. It would be impossible to list all of

Mary's activities. Whether in class soccer, class basketball, STUNT or homecoming Mary always came through and was always willing to do much more than her share.

So, what can't you say about Mary Mitchell? Well, we can't say enough. Congratulations, Mary! You are a Pirate Class success. Thank you for being a wonderful part of our story.

Sue Hendle
Communication

Generous and kind Sue is someone everyone admires. With poise and grace that match her charm Sue's intelligence shines through. Friendly and humorous Sue is a loyal friend and excellent listener.



Danielle Saunders
Communication

Tough, kind, generous and thoughtful Danielle's reserved air makes her complex personality even more mysterious. The mystery ends in kindness. Danielle's smile and sense of humor are special gifts to those she makes her friends.



Laura Sims

Business Administration

Strong willed, practical and funny, Laura's personality is a unique combination of spirit and pride. Active and vibrant, Laura is a loyal, generous individual with the courage to stand up for what she believes.



Dorothy Smith
Religion

Friendly, outgoing and spirited Mandy has a lovable personality. A great listener and a loyal friend Mandy is a truly compassionate individual. With a sense of humor to match no other, Mandy is always spreading joy.



Goddess among women

Smart, funny and charming Suzanne Spooner's little sisters call her a "goddess among women." While she hasn't officially earned that title, she has been named the 1997 Wesleyan Woman of the Year, a title that nearly approximates the difficulty of actually being named as a goddess. Known affectionately as "Spooner" and clearly identifiable by her "poofy" hair, Suzanne is kind, giving and generous with her time and friend-

ship. The Vetteropt-sponsored award is given to the Wesleyanne that best represents the Wesleyan ideal. Candidates for this award were nominated and chosen by the Wesleyan student body. Ambitious, loyal, friendly, honest and hard-working, Suzanne was a clear choice for this award.

As president of the Campus Activities Board and an active member of the Pirate Class, Suzanne brought her ease in

dealing with people together with her skill for planning in order to bring great events to campus.

Always a friend, Suzanne did her best to make everyone comfortable in every situation. If a goddess' skill is knowing how to make everyone feel special and laugh at life, then Suzanne Spooner with her wide-eyed, daring, kind and funny way of looking at life is indeed a Goddess among women.

Suzanne Spooner

Communication

Suzanne's friendly vivacious approach to life makes everyone she comes in contact with feel special. Never one to pass up an opportunity for a joke, Spooner is adorably funny and incredibly original.



Beth Shuerman

Early Childhood Education

Beth's friendly personality is like no other's. Always willing to help, Beth is a generous individual with true spirit, a kind nature and a genuine love for Wesleyan.



Heather Thomas

Studio Art

The kind of person who gives things her all and doesn't give up easily, Heather is a kind and generous individual who possesses a passion for life and knack for friendliness.



Cammie Tipton

English & Art History

Artistic, eclectic and truly kind, Cammie has a personality that is calm and sincere. With a peaceful presence and generous nature, Cammie is a truly unique member of the Pirate Class.



Suzanne Tyson

Early Childhood Education

An aura of southern charm surrounds Suzy. Funny, a bit cynical and free spirited, Suzy is hilarious to have around. With a beautiful voice and true intelligence, Suzy is one of the Pirate Class most vibrant.



In a display of dedication to the Pirate Class, Suzanne Spooner kneels to write a message during Senior Skip night that will soon read "WE ARE OUT OF HERE."

LIFE
HURRYING
PAST US AND
RUNNING
AWAY,
TOO
STRONG
TO STOP

Too Sweet To Lose



The spirit of the Purple Knight class shines through as Laura Neff celebrates homecoming with a cheer. Laura spent homecoming week dressed like the Queen of the PK class.

Ferris wheels, cotton candy, an air of free spirit, and the crisp fall air: these are the things that come to mind when Wesleyan-nes think of the Purple Knight Class. United in our love for Wesleyan, the Purple Knight Class of 1998 is festivity, comedy and society life all rolled into one. We are the class that promised to get medieval, paraded around as the Queens of Wesleyan, invented a royal court and fashioned a

dragon out of our own creative inspiration.

We are also the class that loves to love Wesleyan. Our personalities run from strong deep down in our hearts to the sweetest of the sweet and the smartest of the smart. Nothing we do is half way and everything we do is out of spirit and pride for Wesleyan and the PK Class.

We are the class that loves to be whatever we happen



Sadaf Ahmad



Amanda Allen



Amy Anderson



Amelia Armstrong



Evangelia Banou



Heather Batchelder



Kimberly Benoit



Lisa Bridges



Laura Cathoun



Emily Carr



Melinda Caspers



Erin Dallas

be at the moment; first-years, sophomores, juniors or seniors, underdogs or superstars. We accept our duties with pride and make them our own. Our blood is purple and we have the good fortune to have as our own the colors of Wesleyan. That makes us special. Wesleyan is in our hearts.



Pamela Davis



Cynthia Dawkins



Wynette DiBartolo



Laura Facey



Carrie Felguth



Amanda Foster



Garen Fowler



Brandy Hayes



The PK class promise to the rest of Wesleyan is displayed proudly across the Candler Hall. Borrowing from a now famous line in the movie, *Pulp Fiction*, the PKs carried the banner with their homecoming promise.

*F*or years old Wesleyan has stood,
Majestic on her hill;
Loved by her daughters who have gone,
And those who're with her still.

*H*er stately towers through the years
Have stood like sentinels tall,
That guard the sacred memories
Within this loved old wall.



Alanda Hermann



Christina Horns



Shannon House



Julie Houston

Now we her daughters last to go
Out from her loving care,
Would fain enshrine in memory,
The scenes so dear, so fair.

Her trodden paths, her stately steps,
Her walls that heard our heart,
Will live forever, golden shrined,
Though all the world may part.

-- Foreword from the 1928 *Veterropt*



If the PKs are anything they are winners. PK class president, Missy Ryan, sits at the awards table among the numerous awards won by the PK Class during homecoming.



Lisa Hyman



Tanya Irvin



Tamalyn Jackson



Nartaya Jumpasorn

Towers

Gray towers of old Wesleyan,
High overhead you pierce the sky,
And stately stand though years pass by,
For girls who love old Wesleyan.

Tall towers of old Wesleyan,
Your lengthening shadows shade the years,
You've felt a million smiles and tears,
Each graying slope the heart endears,
Of girls who love old Wesleyan.

Dear towers of old Wesleyan,
Against the evening Western glow;
You send to every heart you know,
Your spirit which will ever go,
To girls who love old Wesleyan.

-- Dorothy McKay, Class of 1928



Cheers of excitement abound as PK, Garen Fowler, cheers enthusiastically the PKs. A quiet moment is rare during homecoming celebrations.



Carmee Kypriandes



Jessica Morgan



Kimberly Peeler



Jennifer Pierce



Stacy Reynolds



Mandy Satterfield



Lynn Shaver



Kiera Sheedy



Donna Sherrell



Deshaun Smith



Shelby Smith



Lora Tolley



Bianca Venuto



Sarah Weeks

RIVOLI



Thrilled by a goal scored by the PK class soccer team, members of the PK Class celebrate on the sidelines.

O RIVOLI. THY BIRTH WAS AS THE BIRTH
 OF ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND GLORIOUS.
 AS FAIR AS APHRODITE'S FROM THE FOAM
 AS FULL OF GLORY AS THE SHINING SUN
 I SHALL REMEMBER THEE AS CRYSTALIZED
 FROM DREAMS OF GREAT, FAR-SEEING MINDS WHO LOVED
 TO SEE MAN'S DAUGHTERS SEEK THE WAYS OF GOD
 AND LONGED TO REALIZE THEIR EAGER DREAMS
 OF MARBLE HALLS.



Natosha Williams



Penny Wilson



Susan Wilson



Dena Zeitouni



Shouting in the spirit of homecoming, PKs Missy Ryan and Lisa Bridges give each other a congratulatory hug.

O RIVOLI, WHEN THEY AND I ARE DUST
THOU SHALT GO ON, ENDURING FAR BEYOND
THE CRUMBLING OF EACH MARBLE COLONNADE --
FOR FIRES THAT NEVER DIE, FLAME ON THY HEARTH,
TO THEE IN ALL THY GRANDEUR YOUTH MAY COME
THROUGH THEE, IN ALL ITS BEAUTY, YOUTH MAY MOVE,
AND LEAVE THEE WITH THY FIRE IN ITS SOUL
TO LIGHTEN OTHER HEARTHS WITH ALL THAT IS BEST
IN LIFE TO KNOW.

-- Lillian Shearouse, Class of 1929

NOBODY
HAS
EVER
MEASURED,
NOT EVEN
POETS,
HOW MUCH

The Heart Can Hold



Demonstrating their dedication to sisterhood, the Golden Hearts gather for a photo with their big sister Pirate Class. Even within the spirit of competition at Color Rush, the sense of sisterhood shines through.

"It's all about sisterhood" -- that is the true motto for our Golden Heart class. It has been a part of us through everything that we have done at Wesleyan. It was with us when we first walked on this campus in the Fall of 1995 with excitement and fear in our hearts. It was with us when cheered in our first pep rally as Golden Hearts and during our first month away from home. It was with us when we decorated the campus all night long, stabbing popsicle sticks

into the frozen ground. It was with us when we conquered our first nationals week. It was with us when we redefined the true meaning of Christmas at STUNT. It was with us when we said "See you in August" to our newly discovered friends and anxiously awaited the arrival of our sophomore year. It was there when we welcomed the new Green Knights and found new friends and new sisters. It was there when our big sisters said "Bon Voyage" for Senior Sister weekend. It was there when



Nichole Arnault



Amanda Avery



Cambria Backus



Heather Beene



Amanda Benson



Elizabeth Bridges



Bingle Brown



Jennifer Cameron



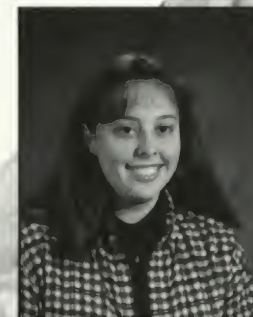
Erica Collinsworth



Kim Dang



Amy Daniels



Stephanie Daniels

discovered 'where...oh...where' our rocking chairs were. It was there when we played real soccer. It was even there when our sunglasses were relocated. It was there when we smiled at our sisters from across the Quad. It was there when we leaned on each other after a hard week. It was there when we said good bye to the past and hello to the future. And it was there when we were reassured that sisterhood would always be a part of the Golden Heart class and Wesleyan -- forever.



Odono Ezell



Danielle Fleming



Laurie Glass



Tiffany Grayson



Ashley Haymond



Nancy Hemingway



Jennifer Hunt



Jessica Jarman



Gathered on the field during Color Rush, Michele McDuffie is surrounded by members of the Golden Heart class. Despite major setbacks, the Golden Heart managed to shine through with tons of spirit.

Hours of Beauty

Knowledge has her temple here, --
With radiance that charms the eye
Upon its marble columns fall
The constant-changing rainbow hues of beauty --
The flaming blush that paints the East
With rose, their snowy-whiteness dyes
The dazzling, splendid light of moon
Illumines them, stately and sublime
In beauty.



Ashley Jess



Candice Johnson



Lori Johnson



Jasmyn Jones

The Western majesty of light
That stains the twilight Vesper hour
Upon them dwells -- benediction for
Their beauty.

Between their polished purity
The purple dusk is lost in night;
A crescent moon, a single star,
Shines down upon them, lost in dreams
Of beauty.

--1930 Veterropt



During a moment of class pride, Kathryn Smith and Nancy Hemingway begin the famous Golden Heart cheer during a class soccer break.



Shayna Jordan



Dana Karstensen



Tausha Kennedy



Yanawn LaPread



Lucretia Manning



Michele McDuffie



Quietly observing the homecoming ceremony, Golden Heart, Bingle Brown is caught in the tradition of the moment.

Wesleyan

Wesleyan,
 You have brightened the past
 In its obscurity.
 Like a soft, dear star in a misty night,
 You have drawn youth under your spell
 And sent it out again,
 Softened and uplifted
 By the inspired dreams
 Of your future.



Wesleyan,
 You will glorify the future
 In its oblivion.
 Like a sure, true sun in a foggy sky
 You'll draw youth under your influence
 And send it out again,
 Brightened and ennobled
 By the crystallized dreams
 Of your past.

--1930 Vetterropt



Shannon McGinley



Sarah Marshall



Chrissy Maxwell



Nicole Miller



Nita Mohanty



Tracie Porter



Daphne Ralou



Melissa Roberts



Jennifer Rosado



Liza Sanden



Nikki Shih



Alicia Smith



Kathryn Smith



Lachrisha Swafford



Tammy Taylor



Amy-Christine Vinson



Golden Hearts, Nichole Arnault and Nita Mohanty, talk quietly on the Quad while listening to a band during Wesleyan's annual Band Fest. Band Fest is one of the most widely attended student-organized events on Wesleyan's campus.

*Shaded lanes unchanged by time
 Each April kissed by roses' blush
 Red walls entwined by loving vine.
 Gay serenade by lark and thrush.
 Gray towers 'gainst the evening glow.
 Fair castle spires of learning's land
 Soft memories -- gay old dreams and love
 Combined in our old Wesleyan.*

--1928 Veterropt



Carrie Walker



Dottie Whittington



Jamila Williams-Ferguson



Ursula Worth

*Down twining stairs, through joy-touched hall.
They come -- these maidens great and small.
For ninety years, untouched by time
To answer to the Wesleyan chime
Each seeking, striving, loyal lassies
Their eyes with fairy gleams aglow.
Through countless ages may they go
The memory of Wesleyan classes.*

-- 1928 Vetteropt



Enjoying a leisurely stroll towards Jones Dormitory, Tracie Porter, Bingle Brown and Ashley Haymond enjoy the pleasure of each other's company. The beautiful grounds of Wesleyan's campus offer a serene and peaceful playground.

WE
ARE
ALL
ISLANDS
IN A
COMMON



How different the GKs can be! Dressed in army gear from head to toe, Lauren Lansrud and members of the GKs prepare for the Color Rush competition.

Sea

The "Great Green Knights." That is what we are. Define us? Well, can you? We think...probably not. You must have thought something was in the water that makes us all so, well, different. But, that is the case. We are all different, each and every one of us. Like the epitome of the Generation Xers, we are individuals who are our own guides.

You might have a lot to learn, so listen up. We are one as a class, our class then is as unique as each individual. We have had a lot to learn, yes, but we have wanted to learn. We have been willing. We wanted to make Wesleyan our own. In some ways we have. We have made Wesleyan a little more lively, a bit more predictable, and well, a lot of fun. Don't ask us to do everything the way you did it, because we won't and we haven't. It is in our nature to be different.

We are sisters, but sisters aren't all the same. In a family as large as ours, there are sisters who are studiers and there are sisters who are partyers. Whatever we are, we are giving



Catrice Anthony



Katie Arnold



Shari Asby



Shannon Auer



Katie Baete



Julie Bailey



Tracy Beauregard



Amanda Bickley



Karolyn Biggs



Tennelle Brown



Rebecca Bryant



Belinda Buck

share. And, we bring the best of all of us to all of you. We tend to run by the rules everyone learned long ago, the basic ones you learn in preschool, but then, not always, not all of us.

We are glad though that we are sisters within our class and within Wesleyan. We've just gotten started and we have a long way to go and a short time to get there. We are Wesleyannes and we are ready. While our personality as a class can be summed up as containing all that is unique, that too, might change through the years. That is, if we feel like it. But, one thing remains the same: We all love Wesleyan.



Natalie Burdette



Carletha Burney



Michelle Caldwell



Carley Carden



Esther Celestin



Michelle Cornier



Lareine Danforth



Deanna Daniel



Displaying their Color Rush motto, "BEING A GK-- BEING ALL THAT YOU CAN BE," members of the GK Class show their pride during Color Rush celebrations.

Letter Home

February, 1994

Dear Mother,

The beautiful Japanese magnolia is blooming everywhere. They remind me of the two big trees in our garden. And I remember that you love this flower.

I believe that Japan is still cold or rather Feb. is the coldest month in the year. I hope and believe you are all right and



Heather Darnell



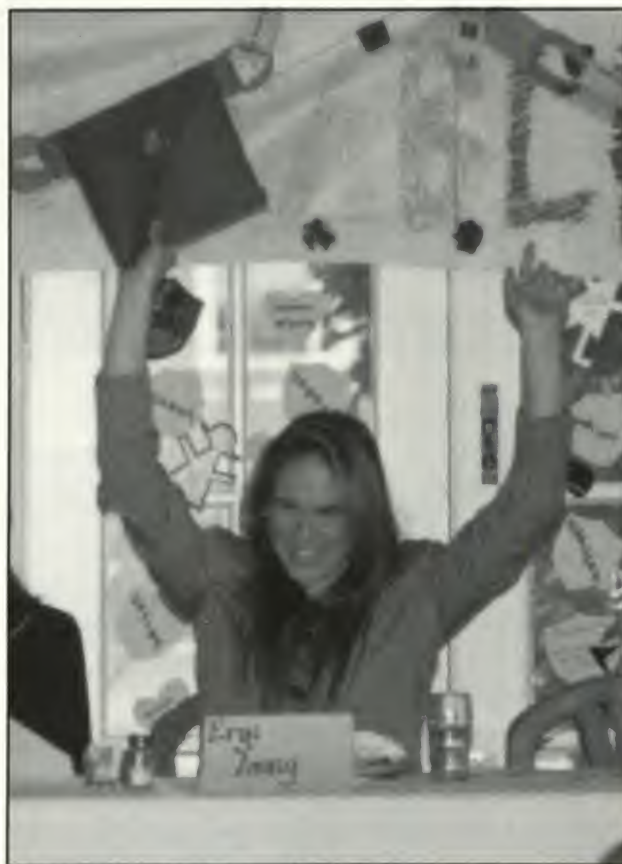
Mary Davis



Rose Dent



Aneesah Diaab



A moment of sheer enthusiasm sweeps over the GK Class president, Erin Young, as she accepts an award for the GK Class during the homecoming banquet.

well as I am. Just more several months until we can meet each other again. Please don't work too hard and don't worry about me. My life in America was always peaceful and joyful all through the two years. The word I want to leave Wesleyan is "Thank you to everybody!!" I don't know anything else to say. I know there are deep and warm prayers of you behind all my happiness. So, I want to say "Thank you Mother!" to you too.

I met so many nice people in America. Most of them are in school and some of them are out of the school. I had been in school 14 years in Japan but I didn't have

(cont. pp. 68)



Mandy Driggers



Stacie Evans



Travia Fairfax



Jeanette Gonzalez

(cont. from pp. 67)

a real friend. (I mean, a friend who I can love, respect, and trust.) I have now. Don't you think it is wonderful to have good friends here, so far from Japan? Japan and America are so close together to me.

Two years is not long enough to study. I am still struggling with making one good sound on piano and I still mix up the pronunciation of "R" and "L". I believe that you want me to study not only from text book but something more big too. The greatest thing I learned in two years is the kindness. I shall never forget the kindnesses which so many people have shown to me in this country. When I, a little foreigner in the big country, was always scared what is going to happen next, some friends would pop in my room and say, "Do you know where the bathroom is?" "Lunch is going to be served at 1:00 today." "Come on to my room and listen to the radio."

They were really good help to me at that time. Some other friends, frankly saying I didn't know their names at that time, invited me way down to Miami, Florida. Teachers never forget to pay a special attention to me. (Never could I sleep in class!) Some teachers hesitated to call my peculiar name, but they helped me study too. I cried

(cont. pp. 71)



Fooling around during a break in STUNT practice, GKs, Julissa Newell, Lareine Danforth, playfully practice a scene.



Melissa Graham



Julie Grubb



Carey Hargis



Connie Hargis



Sherry Harper



Robyn Harris



Catherine Hawkins



Sara Hubert



Rachel Jacobson



Monica Jenkins



Yvonne Jones



Catrina King



Lauren Lansrud



Amy Layson



Melissa Lockert



Watching the festivities of the Homecoming Banquet, Green Knight, Carey Hargis sits quietly at her table.



Julie Malone



Sarah Mannle

(cont. from pp. 68)

once. It was not I was homesick, not because I got mad and not for sadness. I was surprised by the thoughtfulness and kindness of a teacher and a friend.

I haven't had any trouble with food in this country. On the contrary, I got sick after I ate Japanese food last summer. I went to the Japanese dinner at Miss Johnson's with some friends. It was a very good dinner and I was just thrilled. But, next day my stomach was kind of up-set. I thought I ate too much rich food in hot time, but everybody laughed at me.

I told you that I still mess up the pronunciation but I forgot Japanese too. Not really forgot, of course, I remember. I just can't speak easily... Last fall Mr. Imaishi (you know my English teacher in Hiroshima Girls' school) came to see me. It was so nice to see him straight from Hiroshima. I wanted to ask him so many things and talk to him. Do you know what I said to him? "Hello...I mean...How do you do?...Yes, ...No...How is Mr. _____ Mrs. _____ Miss _____?"

This is all in English. I was thinking in Japanese but when my thought became word they were all English. I must have been funny to Mr. Imaishi and American people. I thought it was pitiful. Don't you? But Mother, don't worry about that; I will practice on the long way to home this summer.

I can't wait to see you. I want to fly to Hiroshima right now. But, it is so sad to leave this country and leave from such nice people.

I guess I had better go to bed. Please take good care of yourself.

Love,
Tomoko

-- from *The Wesleyan*
Volume XXI, 1954
by Tomoko Hata



Cooke Maynard



Shannon McWaters



Joan Miller



Tiffany Moore



Kimberly Murphy



Christie McAlum



Sarah McDaniel



Christy McKagen



Sharing in the happiness of friendship, Laura Sims and Cindy Dawkins sit in the bleachers watching a Pioneer soccer game.

Senior Poem



Tiffany Noell



Alicia Ogletree



Alin Oskanyan



Michelle Pittman



While registering parents during Fall Family Weekend, Pam Davis, Suzanne Grigsby and Charlotte Butts take a well-deserved break from their work.

*There's an emblem that inspires us,
It's nobler than the noblest,
And its carmine tints, the reddest,
Stands for courage always highest;
And its white with carmine mingled,
Like the blushes of a maiden
Teas'd by her lover, stand for
Faith, in plenty given.*

*For successive years we've loved it
Never doubting, never fearing,
Though the sky grown dark above us
Made our task more endearing.
And we pledge in years forthcoming
We'll stand united forever--
Though by distance widely parted--
One in spirit ever and ever.*

-- Red and White Class of 1921



Catherine Pritchett



Leslie Reeves



Janice Roberson



Rebecca Raling



Blair Ross



Jessie Sadler



Alison Schanzer



Laura Shuman



Making the most of limited seating, Alanda Hermann sits on Lisa Hyman's lap as they prepare for their turns on stage during STUNT practice.



Jennifer Sims



Julie Singletary

The Lavender and White

On a day long ago when the earth was glad
And all was joyous and gay,
The fairies were given a task to perform
And sent by their leader away.

They were told to fashion with wonderful skill
An emblem of beauty so rare
That none would e'er equal its loveliness
And none with its splendor compare.

Then wandering slowly through valley and forest
They searched for the emblem so true
And at last were attracted by odors of sweetness,
By perfumes as fresh as the dew.

Then led by this guide to the place of their search
They gazed on a picture more fair
Than ever the eyes of the fairy beheld,
A vision of loveliness rare.

'Twas a bed of the sweetest flowers of earth,
Sweet peas with their various hues,
All clustering there 'neath the great glowing sun,
Enticing the fairies to choose.

One glance at the mass of gay flowers before them
And the choice of the fairies was made,
And waving their wand toward the flow'r they had chosen
They drew forth a lavender thread.

Then weaving the lavender in with pure white
They finished the emblem so rare,
An emblem of purity, honesty, truth
Which we of old '22 bear

Then here's to the lavender and white so pure,
This banner that allows no defeat,
May we ever live up to our standard so true
And always each bold challenge meet.

--Helen Moore, Class of 1922



Kristen Smith



Sarabeth Smith



Tabitha Smith



Tracie Stafford

The Class of the Golden Heart

A time when the world was black with war
 We came, with banner unfurled,
 To Wesleyan, who has always given her best
 To help fill the need of the world.
 This was the need for brave young lives,
 We wanted to do our part,
 We wanted to make ourselves in truth
 The Class of the Golden Heart.

We chose as a symbol a sturdy plant
 Which by the wayside grows,
 And gives its beauty to make hearts glad,
 'Tis sweeter to us than the rose.
 If we gave as much joy on Life's high-way,
 If our lives would as gently unfold,
 Our hearts would show always as pure and true
 As its Daisy heart of gold.

And now to a world where Peace has come
 Eager and fearless we go;
 We know not what is awaiting us,
 But one thing we do know:
 More than ever the world needs Youth,
 Ours is still a larger part.
 We must go to make of Life's highway
 A Road of the Loving Heart.



Pink, fragrant blossoms frame two Wesleyannes on their way to Jones Dormitory in late spring.



Lisa Stanley



Niesha Stevens



Amy Stone



Shauna Stotler



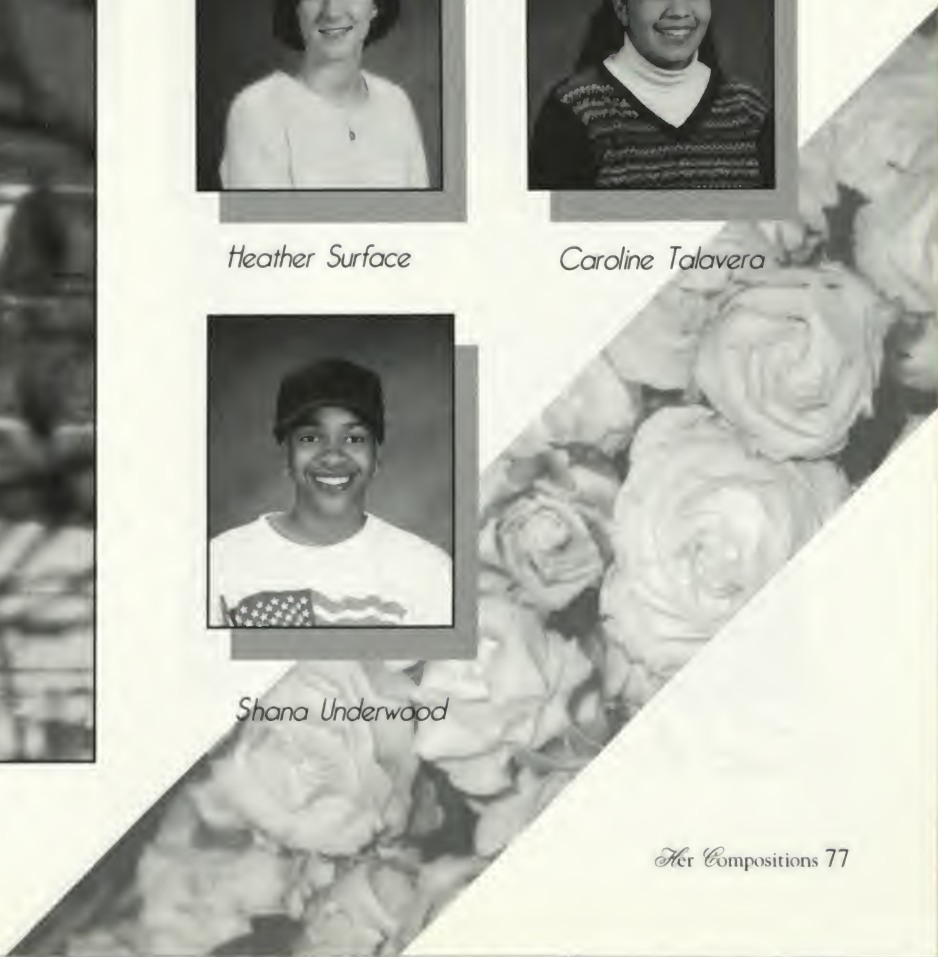
Heather Surface



Caroline Talavera



Shana Underwood





Brenda Vaughn



Amber Velasquez



Joya Walker



Shannon Walker



Lisa Wentz



Sally Wheeldon

A Toast to the Marachel Niel Rose



Listening attentively to Registrar and Assistant Dean, Pat Hardeman, after the Homecoming Convocation, Susan Wilson holds one of the roses given to students at the conclusion of the convocation.

I drink to this Rose
With its petals of gold.
Sun-kissed into beauty and life:
An emblem of Love.
A tribute in name to France's great hero in strife.

I drink to "these buds"
Of blushing hue.
God-given and tender with care.
With the light of His love in each of your hearts
And the gold of His truths hidden there.



Kima Whipple



Tiffani White



Laura Lee Williams



Sheila Williams

May the buds of promise.
 fulfill in this rose
 The hopes the gardener may hold.
 And year by year with His patient care.
 New wealth of beauty unfold.

-- by the Seniors of 1906
 to their little sisters.
 the Green and Gold Class
 of 1908



A break during STU practice gives Shari Pretanski a chance to rest for a moment on the floor of Porter Gymnasium.

Wesleyan's majesty is like no other. The front porch of Persons Dormitory is a common place for first-year students to welcome friends and family.



HERSTORIES



*H*erstories. That is what Wesleyan is all about. Whether a remembrance, a thoughtful moment, a playful scene overflowing with sarcasm or a heartfelt bit of advice, we all have stories to tell. The Herstories section of the 1997 *Veterropt* is a collection of some of the more telling stories found in the annals of *The Wesleyan*, the predecessor to today's *Wesleyan Creative Arts Magazine*. The stories that follow are Herstories. Pay close attention - many things have remained the same. From Ms. Katherine Carnes who was, at times, the bane of students' existence and at other times the person to which the students swore their undying loyalty, to Professor Gignilliat who bears much resemblance to today's professors; from silly stories of daily life to stories that shed light on hidden prejudices, the Wesleyan stories illuminate the soul of Wesleyan. The authors of these stories, like many, wrote them for their own personal pleasure, as a hobby or as a note to others, but others like Betsy Hopkins, the author of "Who Killed Dr. Gin?" have turned their characters from Wesleyan stories into their life's work. Wesleyan's stories are Wesleyan's work. Here are Herstories.



“...I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE OLD COLLEGE IN TOWN...”

Dear students,

Some of you have been asking me what the library was like when I first came. In order to tell you that, I shall have to take you back to the old college in town where I got my start as Wesleyan's librarian.

When I arrived as librarian, I had very clear memories of the library as it had been when I was a student six years earlier. I'll tell you about that. I was a day student and I remember three successive librarians. The first was a charming lady - a professor's wife who beamed at us. The second was another professor's wife, strictly minus beams, who had me reported to the Library Committee when I made the mistake of running out of the library to meet a pal on the back porch. It was all my fault because I did not realize that the bell she tapped incessantly for silence was meant to slow me into a walk. The third was a trained librarian, completely snowed under. When we asked her for a book she was very pleasant as she handed us a bunch of keys that unlocked twenty-three book cases and told us that we were welcome to the book if we could find it.

The same keys were handed to me when I took over the job. I found that the locked cases contained 7,500 books completely uncataloged, although most of them had been classified and accessioned. Many of the entries in the old accession books of that day are in the handwriting of Prof. Daniel who did so much, through the years, to build the collection and hold the library together.

It was three full years before I got the catalog made and fully two years after that before I could persuade anybody to use it, unless I led them by the hand and coerced them into pulling out a drawer.

The old library had atmosphere and charm, although the bookcases did not match and there were seven varieties of chairs. Our equipment tore at our cuticles and our hose and many of the books could not be reached except by someone adept at climbing trees. Because I was tall and young I managed to be pretty skillful in this part of my job and I was really proud of my ability to climb a bookcase without turning it over.

It was the sounds that gave the place its unusual character. In the first place, the library had five windows opening on the back porch and the sounds of loud shouting and running on the porch sometimes drowned out the noise of eight practice pianos



located under the library. In addition, a lot of very clean people inhabited Georgia Building, and every afternoon they would send up loud shouts of "Fireman, fireman, please turn on the hot water." This request would be repeated until complied with at the power house, and always, just *always*, the students in the library would murmur to each other "Fireman, save my child." It was harmless enough, but it was so inevitable as to become a source of irritation.

The nights were the time when we really took on life. The place became bedlam, no less. We had around 400 students and only sixty chairs. When the girls piled in there and sat in the deep window sills and on the book case ledges and on the floors to read their parallel, it was really something to see. It was such a sight that everybody passing down the hall opened the door to take a look at us and you can imagine what a help *that* was! The air was electric with mischief and even I could feel how much fun it would be to come in and misbehave. A six year old said to me once in New York that his friend had brought him to the library, saying "Let us go into der liberry. Let us annoy der teacher." It *must* be fun. But come, come, let's be our age!

My hair grew grey as I suppressed gigglers. Many of your mothers and aunts hold it against me to this day that I sent them out of the library because they giggled. And guess who was numbered among those ejected? Miss Lamon herself - not from the library on the old campus but from the Candler Memorial! She was a good sport about it, too, and offered to tell me the joke. Giggling is much less prevalent now since the high schools have added two years.

The quest for overdue books was an adventure in the old college. Today, when we rush out after a white string reserve, we are apt to find it in a logical place such as on the table or on the bookshelf, but it was not so simple. The occupants of the rooms on fifth floor seemed especially addicted to leaving their books in unmade beds, surrounded by assorted foods. It was a gruesome sight, but kindling to the imagination. Had it been a midnight snack or breakfast in bed? And how had *Canterbury Tales* fit into the picture?

When we moved to Rivoli, the Candler Memorial Library seemed unbelievably convenient and luxurious. The miles of empty shelves were the most beautiful sight I had ever gazed upon. The first morning, when I walked up the steps, I looked at the new building and promised myself never, never to get attached to it. But I did.

With love,
Katherine J. Carnes



“WHO KILLED DR. GIN?”

The mangled body of Dr. George Warren Gignilliat, noted English professor at Wesleyan College was discovered on the steps of the Candler Memorial Library early this morning. Obviously the victim of a brutal ax-murder, Gignilliat was found under pieces of his famed brief case, with a Shakespeare book placed at his head in the manner of a tomb stone.

The body was discovered at 6:00 a.m. by policeman Patrick O'Brien who is quoted as saying, "Sure'an the body looked like a jigsaw puzzle."

Macon police have rounded up some 450 suspects, mainly Wesleyan students, who are believed to have sufficient motives for killing the famed professor. 390 of these suspects have actually been heard to say, "I could kill that man."

Police, baffled by the unprecedented number of suspects and valid motives, are well into the herculean task of sifting the evidence. Although this paper is not at liberty to disclose any names, at present six people are now being held on suspect of murder.

One of the suspects, a prominent member of Gignilliat's Shakespeare class, is quoted as saying, "There're a lot of things I could kill him for, but the kiss-off was giving a Shakespeare test on the day of both Florida and Georgia Homecomings."

"Ay, de bum don't like nothin' I write. He ain't got no taste, no appreciation for de arts, no intellect. He stinks," said another prominent suspect and a student in Gignilliat's freshman English class.

Among the chief suspects is Gignilliat's wife, Mrs. Annie Gignilliat, who issued the following statement:

"For two years I've stood it - when he 'and er'ed; when he cleared his throat; when he wrecked the car and blamed it on a fast moving truck; when he brought 200 students over for the annual tea; all that I could take. But when he said his only trouble was that he was Annie-mate, I gave up. I could have killed him."

"He gave mythology tests on Mondays; ain't that enough?" read a statement issued by a member of Gignilliat's sophomore lit class.

However, disregarding these statements as routine, police are now centering their attention on another suspect who was rounded up a few hours ago. Garbed mysteriously in a white sheet and a somewhat ethereal complexion, he gave his name as Hamlet. For many hours the police questioned him, receiving no reply other than a mumbled, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us."

Finally however, utilizing a lie detector, the following statement was obtained. "Forsooth," declared the sheeted form, "for twenty years he's murdered me. At last I'll wreck my vengeance."

The pieces of Gignilliat's body are now lying in state on a pile of old test papers in Tate hall. The funeral has been slated for Sunday when Gignilliat will be quietly interred in an ink well.

*by Betsy Hopkins, From- "The Wesleyan"
1957, Volume XXV, No. 1*

“ON THE OCCASION OF MY LEAVING IT”

Now it's your turn to play sophisticated and mature. This will be infinitely more fun than eighteen, which is miserable, because eighteen doesn't impress anybody but high school kids. (If it is absolutely necessary for you to be eighteen for any great length of time, wear mascara and don't get tobacco on your tongue and they will never know.)

Your new position obliges you to be witty, in an incomprehensible to freshmen sort of way. (Do not be friends with the freshmen, freshmen have not been around like you. Be kind, but not friends.)

By the way, you are now allowed to be buddies with the class ahead of you, and although at first it will be hard to squelch those feelings of inferiority, you just keep telling yourself you are people, and pretty soon that “you-don't-show-me-a-thing” stare will be genuine. It is a proven fact that nobody shows sophomores nothing.

Another thing sophomores are, is egotists. If you are not now an egotist, don't panic - it will come, it will come.

You will call the eager young Tri-K's all dressed up in their class colors adolescents, and you will not believe anything anybody tells you. You will be a little more blase about Yul Brynner, who will fall along with other idols of your childhood. This will happen because you are a sophomore-cynic.

You might think it will be a strain, keeping up appearances. No - keeping up appearances is not a strain - it is fun. Sophomorphism is a basic trait of mankind and you might as well get it out of your system while you've got an excuse.

by Mary Ann Taylor, From- "The Wesleyan"

Scribes Issue 1957

Volume XXV, No. 4



“WHAT’S MICKEY MOUSE?”

*I*t was 6:30 a.m. when I awoke (awaked? awook?) and my eyes wouldn't open, so I decided to go back to sleep and do my Yogi exercises another day. The next time I awoke it was 9:00 and that was more like it. I crept out of my trundle bed and bashed my face in against the wall. I had crept out on the wrong side again. I crossed shakily over to the sink, thinking that I would wash my face and brush my teeth, and then perhaps suicide wouldn't seem so attractive. After a few abortive attempts to get some hot water into the sink, I realized with a feeling akin to panic that my roommate had changed the room around again! This thing in front of me was not a sink at all. (No wonder the water wouldn't get hot.) That cool trickle in my hand came from the handy dispenser of my roommate's Economy Gallon of Chantilly on the dresser. Ah, so this is no longer the familiar sink, but a dresser, I surmised; now we're getting somewhere. (She must've had a devil of a time moving all that plumbing, but when my roommate decides she wants to change the room there are few things that can stand in her way and a few lead pipes is not one of them.) I guess it's all right to smell like Chantilly if you really want to, but I am more the Black Satin type myself, and anyway, I usually prefer to wash my face in plain old warm milk. Lacking milk, I usually resort to water.

I did finally locate the sink behind a pile of old Life magazines, where the dresser used to be, of course. This sort of thing so early in the morning can lead to traumas, or at least that's what my psychiatrist says. A few more floor plan changes, and I will cower in my bed all morning, afraid to come out.

While brushing my teeth and squinting at myself in the mirror (I always squint in the morning), I decided that, with my hair rolled-up like that, I almost resembled a large gourd with lumps on it. The suicide idea tugged at my pajama sleeve.

I started taking the bobby-pins out of my hair as fast as my chubby little arms would go, the life urge strong in me. Somehow I felt a trifle less vulnerable with the bobby-pins out. Still I kept stiffening my upper lip and taking deep breaths while I dressed.

When I was ready for class and had almost gotten my eyes wide open, I realized that I hadn't been looking in the mirror at all. The bulletin board was now where the mirror used to be (my roommate has a positive talent for room arrangement), and what I had thought was me in my morning loveliness was really a pinup of Yul Brynner. Not knowing quite how to feel about that, I just let it go. I could tell you that this was going to be one of those days when I would arrive at the pharm just as the last doughnut was being sold, and in my mailbox there would be four letters and a package for my boxmate resting on top of a library fine card for me. Yes, it would be that kind of day - I could feel it in my bones.

As I walked out of the dorm I met several people who looked like they might be toying with the idea of suicide too. They didn't seem at all glad to see me. But I smiled at them anyway, remembering the Miss Charming elections.

As I walked along in the sunshine of the beautiful morning thinking about important decisions, like what I would get in the pharm if all the doughnuts were gone, I distinctly heard someone say "Mickey Mouse," and it was in a strong tone of voice, if I am any judge. It seemed to come from two

*by Helen Poole, From- "The Wesleyan"
1958 Scribes Issue, Volume XXIV, No.4*

sophisticated creatures up ahead of me. No doubt about it, they were mature women, worldly, at least juniors or seniors. I crept closer to them. (Not attempting to eavesdrop, mind you. Oh, goodness gracious me, no!) The first girl, a tall one in baggy tweed knickers with a baggy tweed book satchel over her shoulder was obviously one of those Leaders. She just had that air about her, you know. It wasn't Chantilly either, but something more subtle and pervasive. It was a kind of Commanding Superiority No. 5 and I sensed it right off. Ah, I said, here is someone on whom I may mold my worthless self, an idol, a hero, in short, a standard of excellence for which to strive, so to speak. I listened carefully, trying to catch each mellifluous tone. She was saying, "I say it's Mickey Mouse," very emphatically.

The other girl, a small edition of the first girl, with teeth, answered, "It's Mickey all right, "with a sigh.

First Girl: "I've seen things that are Mickey Mouse in my time, but this is the most Mickey Mouse of all. I mean Mickey Mouse through and through, and when I say Mickey Mouse I mean just that - Mickey Mouse."

Second Girl: "Right. It's Mickey Mouse all right, from the word go."

Enter Street Singers: (Wrong Script.)

The first girl shook her head emphatically as she said Mickey Mouse a few more times.

I didn't understand so I put on my thinking cap and pondered their words. Nothing came to me, and I always felt rather silly in that thinking cap, so I took it off again.

We passed the library and the first girl pointed. "Mickey Mouse," she said tersely.

The other girl grinned a little and shook her head, knowingly. Her lips formed the words, "Mickey Mouse if anything is!"

I was beginning to get that left out feeling, so I knew I had to ask. I tapped the first girl on the shoulder and asked in my most intelligent voice, "What's Mickey Mouse?" I knew by some strange inner feeling, call it intuition if you like, that I had asked the wrong question. I sensed it most strongly when the tall girl began beating me about the head and shoulders with her book satchel. When the blows had slackened up I thought I had better say something - anything. "You're so beautiful when you are angry," I ventured. (It's an old line I know, but it worked wonders for John Wayne in "The Sea Chase" and I was grabbing at straws.)

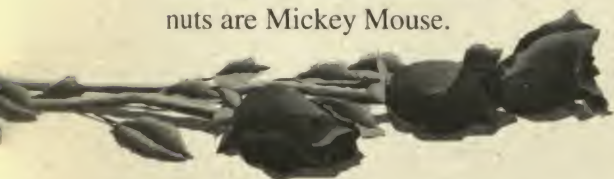
The first girl gave me a cold fishy stare.

"Do you know who you're talking to?" the second girl said, "Do you think you're cute or something?" She glared at me fiercely.

"Mother calls me precious darling in her letters," I said, "but I try not to be vain about it."

At this point the first girl caught me a glancing blow on the side of the head with the book satchel. "Get smart with us will ya'," she growled. "Come on Shirley Sue, let's shake this Mickey Mouse character." And they went rapidly ahead.

But they left me with something for which I could never repay them (besides a few satchel-shaped bruises). So I was Mickey Mouse, after all, I thought, brushing away a tear. I was overpowered with a sense of belonging, a strong fellow-feeling with my fellow creatures engulfed me. Most of all I knew what Mickey Mouse meant and that was the important thing. Now I could call things Mickey Mouse with the best of them. I said the magical words a few times just to get the feel of them, and then skipped off toward the pharm, my once-heavy heart singing in my breast. Nothing could go wrong for me now. Pshaw! I said gaily, who cares if there aren't any doughnuts. Doughnuts are Mickey Mouse.



♦♦ DEAR BOBBY ♦♦

dear bobby

this is a warning to you not to ever come in my yard again. you are a tattletale and a sneek, you told my mother that I told you to fly and I did *not*. all I said was you probly could fly if you tide a towl around your neck and jumped off the tall things in the lumer pile. anyway Ive seen superman and other people do it and if you flaped your arms like I said you would not land so hard. You are a pane and dont have any sens at all and if you or your mean little brother Albert ever come in my yard agin you will be sorry. You will be sorry. You couldn't even be a spy because you talk too much and besides you look like Hittler.

love

Sally

P. S. You can jump off my gerage if you want to I did it and I flew for a long ways.

dear sally

you did too tell me to fly or how else would I know how to. you are the only gril around hear who likes to fly and things like that. that is why you are such a creep mother says that you are dangerous to have aroun Janie Marks doesn' fly and things like that. also she doesn't have freckels all over her face. don't worry about me coming in your yard agin. I dont want to see that frekled face ever agin.

love

Bobby

P.S. Burt and me have a
tree hut now and no grils alowed
ever

dear bobby

today I flew from my back porch to the ground. tommorow i am going to fly over yor silly hut and drop a rock on it ha ha i hope you and Burt will be in it. Janie Marks is a sissy and doesent have any sens at all. my mother says that frekles are a sine of intelijens and you dont have any at all. Janie Marks is fat and she looks like Frinkanstin my daddy says that yor mother talks about people too much for her on good.

love

sally

dear sally

do not come aroun the hut or you will be sorry. this is a warning to you. you are a pest and mother says for me to egnor you. she says Janie Marks is a nice gril and you are a pest. ha ha for you. me and Burt have a mescot in the club now. It is a snake and if any grils come around he will bite them. so keep out.

love

Bobby

dear bobby

yesterday I showed Janie Marks how to fly. she is not very good either. She did not flap her arms at all. the docter says she should not fly any more. too bad for Janie. she doesnt have any sens at all.

love

Sally

dear sally

my mother says that you are a menice to socity and you should be locked up somewher. Janie Marks says so too but she is a cry baby and a sissy. anyway you are right about her. she doesnt have any sens at all. my daddy says that he is going to poke yor daddy in the nose. our snake died today but we are going to get a new mescot that bites grils so keeep of. it is a dinasor.

love

Bobby

dear bobby,

today I made a real good parishoot out of too sheets and some string, it flys real good, I counted to ten before I came down from the gerage. I didnt get to do it much because my daddy and yor daddy were there too. yor daddy came over to poke my daddy in the nose but my daddy was up on the gerage in my parashoot and yor daddy got up there to. They are not very good but they are going to get some canvis and make a bigger one. they sure did look funny up ther on the gerage. why dont you come over tomorrow. i promis not to make you fly and we can go down to the crek and catch a crowfish. they are good mescots, and they only bite sisys like Janie Marks.

love

sally

by Helen Poole, From- "The Wesleyan"
1957, Volume XXV, No. 4



THE LONG RED LINE

The Long Red Line moves ... endless ... and unbroken ... across this campus ...
Each great class departs ... passing through the gate that final time ... leaving for the next ...
high standards to uphold ... timeless tradition to follow ... and now our part is done - we have
given and received ... we have touched greatness and become humble ... and wise ... we began with
idealism lost in illusive romanticism ... we have kept our idealism ... now firmly embedded in
realism made workable for living ... a class that has been complete ... a whole of varied parts ...
enabling us to complete ... a whole of varied parts ... enabling us to

accept the challenge
attempt any task
and enormously succeed
fairly bursting with talent

we'll remember an unbelievably lovely voice - sweet ... clear ... powerful ... God-given ... embodied
in a fun-loving, natural, easygoing lass ... unaware of her potential greatness - a Trilby with no
need for hypnotism - who sang for the joy of singing ... and captured all our hearts with song ... we
remember a tall, freckled brunette with few inhibitions - yet surprising shyness at times - her gift of
beauty in her fingers ... whose touch on a keyboard held us spellbound ... a piano who was a willing
slave to its able powerful mistress ... and responded magically ... music came splashing or soothing
... in any key ... classical and popular ... here too we recognized a God-given talent

we excelled in character
the finest in the South
leaders
believers in human nature
those for whom honor has a vital meaning

we remember a quiet slender classmate with short wavy hair ... very brown eyes ... and a soft slow
speech ... who gave her time in dull routine tasks to us - but gave us more ... inspiration in the way
she lived her life each day ... not forgetting that laughter is important too ... we remember a slender
old-fashioned beauty with a lovely smile ... quaint manners that charmed ... idealistic ... eager ... a
lover of life ... refreshingly frank ... a keen mind ... a strong character ... a day was never dull ... wit
... personality kept it going full tilt ... sparking ... dry

clowns
lovable grouches
overserious owls
and on and on and on of every type

we remember a clown with a heart of gold ... a heart full of love for God and man - a big attractive
brunette ... who inspired us at worship or devotions ... and kept us laughing at funtime ... helped us
cheer up when the blues got bad ... overflowing with harmless pranks and thoughtful deeds ...
... we remember a leader - who never quite realized her ability as such ... an artistic sensitivity
beneath a beautiful surface ... a laughingly sarcastic wit ... afraid to show emotion because she felt
so intensely ...
a keen mind ... abundant creative ability ... party loving ... who knew the meaning of the word

by Nan Flowers, From: "The Wesleyan"
1957 Scribes Issue, Volume XXV, No. 4

friendship ... we remember a determined powerful personality, gifted in many ways ... in tune with life ... armed with its wonders ... an artist ... a "good sport" in both meanings ... a leader ... a believer in truth ... who saw the best in everyone - had faith in everyone except herself ... honor was her word - whether in fencing ... or living ...

we remember a foreign beauty ... soft precise English carefully spoken ... delight and childish joy and laughter ... charm ... to whom we gave a strange new life ... full and happy ... but not enough to overcome homesickness ... we sensed that we had failed and sorrowed ...

we remember an oriental lass ... who worked ... and never complained ... cooperating ... silently approving or disapproving of us ... showed her affection ... added witty comments and, bless her, laughed at ours ...

we remember our bard ... the Carl Sandburg of our generation ... a brilliant writing mind ... an alternating shy and exuberant personality ... girlish ... blushing ... unsure of herself ... deep as the ocean ... with a ready flowing pen ... we saw a brown pony tail and dark almond-shaped eyes ... ethereal ... understanding the undercurrents of life ...

we remember the epitome of energy ... and personality ... small firepacked ... witty ... jokes abundant ... imaginative ... an amazing mimic ... gifted in directing ... showman of quality ... commander of attention and respect ... thoughtful ... interesting ... a touch of the west ...

these we remember ... and others ... lost in person but part of the Line in Spirit ... and a permanent part of our lives ... some not yet lost ... leading the Line through the fourth and final lap ... we recognize quality in our midst ... sometimes unappreciated as "familiarity breeds contempt" ... but in our thoughtful moments ... realizing what we've gained ... our lives before a single tone ... has been these years a part of an orchestra and we go ... each our own way ... resounding with overtones and harmonies you will remember ... we will remember ... a brunette ... regal in the way she holds her head ... a beauty all her own ... creative in many aspects of life ... lovely, sensitive hands ... a need to be active and to feel that what she is doing is worthwhile ...

charming ... humor with an edge ... and a love of the beautiful ... deeply religious ... a wonderful friend ... generous ... smitten by the stage ... capable ... poised ... we will not forget ... we will remember ... from the first day to the last ... our clown ... our wit ... our source of uncontrollable laughter ... the antics of this wonderful person ... never too tired to entertain ... a serious side ... strong in character ... religious ... dependable ... constant ... just the right person to relay messages from the equally witty librarian ... we will not forget ...

we will remember ... a tall stately ... womanly person ... a genuine lady ... fun-loving ... a leader ... high ideals ... generous with time and talents ... gentle ... understanding ... diplomatic ... respectful of all ... a true Wesleyanne ... we will not forget ...

we will remember these

and each who gave and received

who was a part

a necessary link

for each of us achieved

grew

and became more complete

each contains one or more qualities in varying amounts that bring us closer to greatness ... each in her own way ...

and each goes out ...

through that gate ...

slowly ...

a part of the Long Red Line.



♦♦ CARBON COPY ♦♦

Lieutenant Harry Lee stood beside the window that faced the hearing room and regarded with distaste the cigarette stub he held between his fingers. He dropped it and ground it into the floor beside the others he had smoked and, in doing so, thought of his mother. She was always saying that he smoked too much. She was always saying he did everything too much. Well, what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her and there was a lot she didn't know. He could never understand why Dad had married her.

A wisp of a smile played across his willful mouth. When he and Dad got together, nobody could beat them. He could remember coming home with a bloody nose and having his mother swoop down upon him with smothering kisses and questions and then his dad would say, "For God's sake, Harriett, leave the boy alone."

Dad was like that. You could trust him. Like the time in high school when Lee had gotten drunk at the Country Club Christmas dance and smashed the mirrored walls in the men's rest room by throwing lead ash trays at them. Dad had talked their way out of that one at the club and later - at the police station.

He'd had fun at State, too. Early in his freshman year he had discovered the magic phrase "Old Harry Lee's son" and he had ridden on it for the next two years. It got him into the best fraternity on campus and with that - and his looks - he'd gotten the best of everything else, too.

He'd have done all right if it hadn't been for one thing - he'd hated like hell to study. When in the third quarter of his summer session of sophomore English, the war in Korea had broken out, he had taken the glorious plunge and joined the air corps.

The roar of a jet engine on the runway brought him back to the corridor and he gazed out the window and watched the sleek, beautiful plane climb into the sky. For a moment he sat in the pilot's seat, the oxygen mask cutting into his cheeks, and then he saw Talbot's face.

Talbot had stared through his soul with steel blue eyes. "The object of this flight is to instruct you in the manly art of bailing out of a plane traveling three hundred miles an hour at six thousand feet. You've had your ground training, lieutenant. All we do today is climb up and drop you out. It's that simple. Okay, Lee - let's go."

The two of them had climbed into the SN-J and risen into a clear blue sky and at six thousand feet, Talbot had leveled off.

"Now, if you think you are going to have any trouble," Talbot's voice cracked over the intercom, "Just say so."

Lee had smiled mockingly. "Lead pipe cinch," he thought.

"No worries, huh?" Talbot asked lightly. "Well, all right, son. Jump."

Lee leisurely checked his equipment and was reaching for the button to slide back the canopy when the plane gave a sickening lurch and, whining like a beaten dog, went into a

dive.

"Hold on, son," Talbot said tensely. "I think she's blown a gasket."

Lee had frozen, his hand still on the canopy button, his mouth a trifle agape. The grey mass below him was the earth and it was closing in faster and faster.

"We're going to have to ditch her, son," Talbot explained quietly. "You'd better jump now."

He had heard the instructor's voice very far away, rising and falling, demanding and urgent, "Look, son, we haven't got much time - nothing to it - losing altitude. Come on, boy, - jump!" His arm was numb. He could not move.

The air had whistled past the tiny plane which plunged faster and faster toward the earth. He had seen a field of corn clearly outlined as though it were on a map and he remembered thinking vaguely that this was a hell of a place to have to jump out of an airplane.

"Lee!" the voice ordered sternly, "bail out! We're down to three thousand feet!"

He had to get out. He had to. He pressed the canopy button fiercely and pushed himself over the side and fell and fell and fell. He heard the crash before he touched the ground and his was the only chute in the sky.

The door of the hearing room opened and the sergeant motioned Lee to enter. The five men sat stiffly around the table, their uniforms pressed neatly, their oak leaves and gold bars gleaming in the glare of the morning sunlight. Colonel Markham glanced up.

"At ease, Lieutenant."

"Thank you, sir."

The colonel drew a deep breath and began. "After careful consideration of the facts at hand, the board has reached the conclusion that you were in no way responsible for the unfortunate death of Captain Talbot. The board agrees with your own testimony. Captain Talbot apparently waited too long before bailing out and lost his life as a result. You are free to go, Lieutenant."

Lee snapped to attention.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir?"

He saluted and made his way to the door. He was waiting outside when Colonel Markham came out of the hearing room. Lee straightened and stepped forward.

"Sir, I just want you to know how happy I am about your decision. It would have been pretty rotten if - "

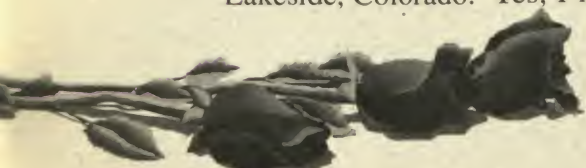
The colonel cut in abruptly. "Our decision isn't the end of it, Lee," he said coldly. Lee's heart sank and he felt a little sick at his stomach. "I just hope you told the truth in there."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, Lieutenant, that if you told a lie, you'll have to live with it the rest of your life."

Lee watched the colonel disappear around the corner and then he walked to the telephone booth and dropped in a dime.

"Operator," he said. "I'd like to place a collect call to Mr. Harry J. Lee, Senior, of Lakeside, Colorado. Yes, I'll wait."



by Bettie Wilson, From- "The Wesleyan"
1955, Volume XXIII, No. 3



♦♦ AND YET ♦♦

*F*our years ... four long yet short years spent in living a life some have termed leisurely. Others have called them the Golden or Green years.

Educators have called us the Silent Generation, yet Chapel speakers have proclaimed us the hope of a world steeped in dissension.

Ministers have told us to love our brother, yet they themselves uphold segregation. We have studies of free thought and expressions, yet are censored by fright and terror of consequences. We strive for individuality, yet are scorned by the masses who stampede with the herd until they are trampled or become lost strays.

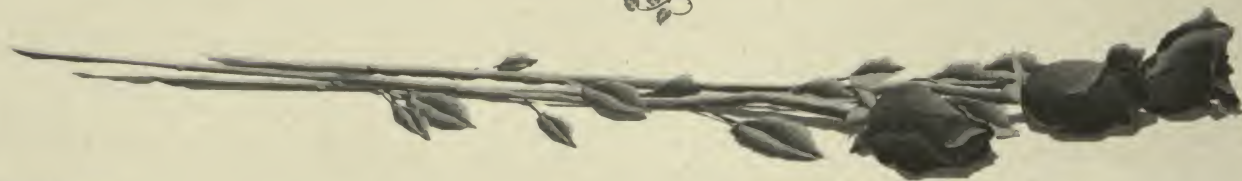
We are told to act mature yet are pampered and coddled in our playpen environment by self-righteous nursemaids. We came to college to study, yet competition and achievement are words used on campus to describe the champions of endless athletic events. Cups, letters, keys and stars are lauded, yet class scholastic honors are only seen in the back of last year's catalogue.

We hear of culture from superficial authorities who attend a monthly concert and place their chewing gum under the seat. We are taught to grasp the whole of life, yet campus programs, plays, and paintings must be washed of the vulgarities of life before our rose colored glasses may glimpse them. We learn that inner values are a man's treasure, yet we are overly concerned with the degree of sheen on our exterior.

We learn to think, yet our thoughts are not respected or heard. We strive for perfection yet are pulled down by mediocrity. We look for greatness and are battered by meaningless trivialities. We search for truth and find lies.

Yet we know for each of these generalizations there is a contradiction. And it is these contradictions that fill us with a potent desire to take our place in a world where our ideas may be transformed into action. And yet...

*by Eleanor Adams, From- "The Wesleyan"
1958 Scribes Issue, Volume XXIV, No. 4*





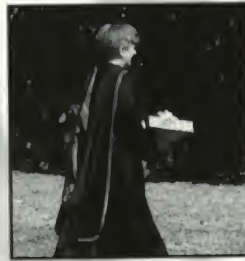
The welcoming arch of the loggia brings the feeling of Wesleyan to mind. Its graceful dignity is very much a part of the memory of Wesleyan.



Junior Marshals, Tamalyn Jackson and Shelby Smith, take a peek at the Honors Day program as they wait for students and faculty to arrive for the all-campus convocation at which the accomplishments of students and faculty alike are honored in full academic ceremony.



Her Mentors



*A*s there is a story behind every individual, there are stories behind each individual's success. The story of success behind Wesleyan students are the stories of the Wesleyan faculty and staff, her mentors. She could know no higher dedication, no greater quest for excellence and no finer teachers. She could know no better mentors. Here are her mentors.

IF YOU
HAVE
KNOWLEDGE,
LET OTHERS
LIGHT
THEIR CANDLES
IN IT



A soccer match between Wesleyan and its greatest rival, Agnes Scott College, captures the attention of Dr. Robert Ackerman as he sits among Wesleyan fans late one fall day. President Ackerman is often present for campus events.

Although officially they might have been listed as “the administration” in various publications, the relationship and respect which the student body had for those at the top of Wesleyan’s administrative ladder leaves behind the connotation of the word “administrator” and forms instead the idea of leading mentors.

Nineteen ninety-seven was a year of transition for Wesleyan. As the school year began, Dean Priscilla Danheiser began her first year as the Dean of the College and as the year ended the campus said goodbye to retiring president, Dr. Robert Ackerman.

In such a year of transition, one might expect that with even more responsibili-

ties, President Ackerman and Dean Danheiser might have interacted less with students, but the opposite was the case.

It was not unusual to see Dean Danheiser or President Ackerman joining faculty and students in the dining hall for conversation over lunch or dinner, attentively watching a Pioneer home game on the cold, hard bleachers of the soccer field or gym. Neither was it unusual to be greeted with a friendly hello and your first name as you walked across the quad to an early morning class or knocked on an office door without an appointment.

Assistant Dean and Registrar, Patricia Hardeman was also a regular at Wesleyan



events and a favorite among students. Dean Hardeman, famous for her Herstories Convocations, made having pride in Wesleyan's heritage even easier. With tidbits about the past and a sincere interest in Wesleyan's future, Dean Hardeman's obvious love for Wesleyan was fiercely contagious.

Indeed, while Wesleyannes often talked about the spirit of Wesleyan, what we didn't always talk about was the deep, devoted pride of those who made an investment in Wesleyan and in us every day. Ackerman, Danheiser, and Hardeman, as well as many members of their staffs demonstrated daily, their devotion and love for Wesleyan and their vision for her future.



Robert Kilgo Ackerman
President of the College



Patricia Ruth Danheiser
Dean of the College



Patricia R. Hardeman
Assistant Dean and Registrar of the College

IT IS THE FUNCTION OF ART TO RENEW

Whether by a beautiful song, the stroke of an artist's brush, or the intense heat of theater lights, the Wesleyan College Theater, Music and Art departments made the Wesleyan experience even more lively and thoughtful as each member of the faculty shared their knowledge and their love for the arts with the Wesleyan community.

Wesleyan's group of master musicians, artists and actors added to the diverse nature of the Wesleyan curriculum by providing multitudes of creative inspiration and ideas wrapped in the melodious tinkle of a piano or the intense well of emotion in the voices of those on stage.

Wesleyan's rich history of supporting the arts at the collegiate level and in the Macon community remained steadfast as members of the theater, music and arts faculty lent their superior talents to many artistic venues in the community.

Wesleyan has been home to the Macon Symphony Orchestra and the Macon Concert Association for many years. In addition, the Center for the Arts and Midsummer Macon are housed at Wesleyan and are directed by Jeanette Shackelford, chair of Wesleyan's Music Department.

Faculty connections in the music, theater and art world brought a wealth of artistic experiences to students at Wesleyan. Whether through the performance of John Cheek, one of the major bass baritones of the Metropolitan Opera, the performance of the Chicago Brass Quintet, Wesleyan's own Edward Eikner or through performances of the Brazilian Dance Company, Wesleyan's involvement in the Macon art scene was overwhelming and beneficial to the students and faculty of Wesleyan.

Our Perception



Listening attentively to Robin Starbuck's lecture on color and form, Sherry Boyd contemplates her latest drawing. The art department's emphasis on individual attention enhances the quality of a Wesleyan's art education.

Barbara Burgess
Assistant Professor of Theater



Edward Ekner
Catherine L. Comer
Professor of Fine Arts



Jeanette Shackelford
Assistant Professor of Music



Robin Starbuck
Assistant Professor of Art



Art Weiger
Professor of Art

MY FAVORITE THING IS TO GO WHERE I HAVE NEVER BEEN



The changes Wesleyan has experienced over the years haven't affected the quality of education offered at Wesleyan in and out of the classroom. Caroline Talavera participates in a discussion group during a convocation held in the Manget Room.

*T*he school year 1996-1997 brought two things Wesleyan's Rivoli campus has never experienced before: men eligible for admittance into a degree program and a graduate program. More than coincidentally, the two firsts had a lot to do with each other.

The summer of 1996 was the inaugural term for Wesleyan's first master's degree program. The Master's of Arts in Teaching (M.A.T.) program was designed to train experienced science and math teachers in advanced teaching methods utilizing curriculum which included both professional core courses and courses in specific science and math concentrations.

The program, which is slated to be offered only during the summer terms, is open to both women and men. The

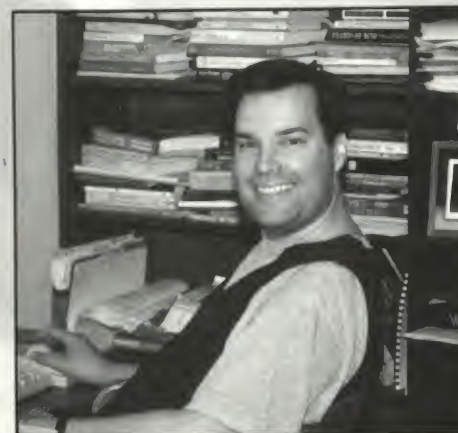
program allows M.A.T. students to complete a master's degree in three consecutive summers of course work and is slated to include concentrations in subjects other than science and math in future years.

While there was much excitement about the establishment of a Master's degree program at Wesleyan, there was some initial trepidation about the possibility of having men enrolled at Wesleyan. However, the fact that men would be enrolled only during the summer and wouldn't be joining the traditional Wesleyan college environment quelled the anxiety of most Wesleyan women who feared that, in a year of allowing women in the federally supported, Central and Virginia Military Institute, Wesleyan's tradition of quality single-sex education was in jeopardy.

William Curry
Professor of Psychology



Glenna Ded
D. Abbott Turner
Professor of Free Enterprise



Mary Ellen Durham
Assistant Professor of Education

Todd Finley
Assistant Professor of Education



Helen Hollis
Associate Professor of Psychology

Michael Lewis
Assistant Professor of Sociology



James Rowan
Assistant Professor of Psychology

Charles Wynn
Associate Professor of Education

STUDY
AS IF
YOU
WERE
GOING
TO

The study of history, political science and foreign languages is central to the understanding of the world, past and present, and much expertise is required to be able to teach others about worlds, people, languages and times that are far away from most people's daily existence. However, the fall of 1996 brought three new faculty members in the History-Political Science and Foreign Language departments to Wesleyan, ready to become a part of the collective knowledge of Wesleyan.

The History-Political Science department welcomed Barbara Donovan as visiting instructor of political science. Donovan was a Ph.D. candidate in the Department of Government at Georgetown University. Her major field at Georgetown was comparative politics with a specialization in European Politics. She received her M.A. in Eastern European Area Studies from the School of Slavonic

and East European Studies at the University of London. She was a Teaching Fellow and adjunct professor at Georgetown and served as senior research analyst for Radio Free Europe in Munich.

The Foreign Language Department welcomed two professors in the fall of 1996, David Hitchcock and Mary Hoak. David Hitchcock, assistant professor of language earned his Ph.D. in Hispanic literature at Cornell University. Hitchcock earned his M.A. in Spanish from Middlebury College. He taught at Westminster School in Connecticut and was a teaching assistant at Cornell.

Mary Hoak, visiting instructor in modern language, was a Ph.D. candidate in Modern Language at the University of Tennessee. Hoak earned a M.A. degree in French from Middlebury College and a M.A. in German from the University of Georgia. Hoak taught previously at Wesleyan in 1989 and has taught at Georgia Tech, Ohio State and the University of Georgia.

Live Forever



Glancing over the reading for her 19th and 20th Century U.S. Nationalism class, Kay-K Printup waits for Professor Marcile Taylor to begin the class discussion on the Vietnam War.

Barbara Donovan
Instructor of Political Science



David Hitchcock
Instructor of Modern Languages



Mary Hoak
Lecturer of Modern Languages

Sunita Mariani
Instructor of Economics



Mary Peckham
Assistant Professor of History

Patrick Moreno
Assistant Professor of Modern Languages



Marcile Taylor
Dupont Guerry Professor of
History and Economics

TO BE CAUGHT UP INTO THE WORLD OF THOUGHT—

The study of all things human; thought, religion, words. These are the common factors that bind together the faculty members in the English, Religion and Philosophy departments. A combination of all three factors can be found in the work of two notably absent professors whose interests sent them across oceans to live and study their disciplines.

Dr. Robert Baum, who began teaching at Wesleyan in the fall of 1995, spent the 1996 calendar year on sabbatical conducting research in Africa supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Baum, whose Ph.D. is in African History, became interested in the religion and culture of Africa while he was studying at Yale University. During his sabbatical, Baum took his ninth trip to Africa and studied Alinesitoue, an African female 1940s prophet who began a prophetic movement among a religious group called the Diola. Alinesitoue was

significant for many reasons, not the least of which is she was the first female African prophet. Baum's study of Alinesitoue and the female prophets who followed her will bring much more benefit to Wesleyan than merely the book Baum plans to write. It will also, Baum hopes, make an impact on the Wesleyan students by raising the awareness of the importance of women in religion and as religious leaders.

Notably absent during the spring of 1997 was English professor, Darlene Mettler who spent the semester sabbatical in London, England studying, writing and living the culture. Mettler, who is a lover of most things British, brought her love for the city of London together with her love for study and relished the history of the 18th century streets as she spent her days in the libraries and cafés that were home to some of the world's greatest writers in hopes of bringing the spirit of London home to her students.

That is Educated



Watching Brandy Conner's 1,000th point basketball game, John Rakestraw and his son, Caleb Parker Rakestraw-Morne, enjoy their time together in the stands. Professors' families are often a part of the Wesleyan family.

Robert Baum
Assistant Professor of
African Studies



Delmas Crisp
Fuller E. Callaway
Professor of English



Matthew Martin
Assistant Professor of English



Darlene Mettler
Associate Professor of English



John Rakestraw
Associate Professor of
Philosophy and Religion



Kevin Schilbrack
Assistant Professor of
Philosophy and Religion



WE SEIZE
ONLY
A BIT
OF THE
CURTAIN
THAT

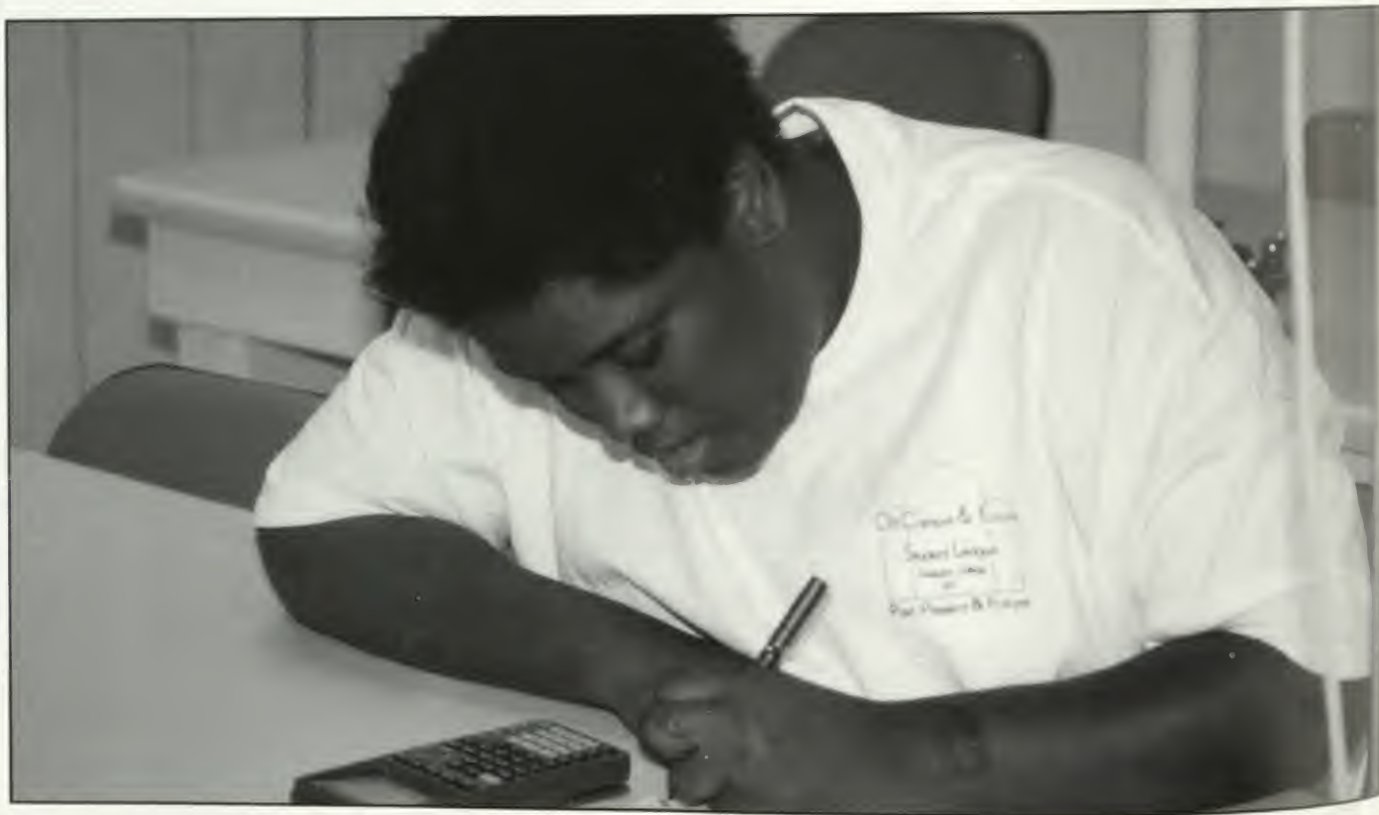
Nothing is ordinary about the kind of scientific education that Wesleyannes receive. In fact, the education is quite rare, especially for individuals pursuing majors in the sciences. For the past several years, Wesleyan has been on the move when it comes to science. Hiring the best professors, ensuring top quality equipment and enriching the science curriculum are just some of the things Wesleyan has done to ensure that students experience real science that is rare at an undergraduate campus.

The qualification of the science faculty alone, elicits thoughts that science at Wesleyan is more than cursory lectures and

labs. With degrees from prestigious universities, the science faculty is able to bring top-notch research to the Wesleyan campus. Involved in projects traditionally reserved for graduate students, science majors at Wesleyan have had the opportunity to investigate, design and test their own hypotheses in conjunction with faculty members' research projects.

This opportunity to participate in ongoing research and to publish aids in the development of Wesleyannes as scientists and gives Wesleyannes an advantage when it comes to applying to graduate and medical schools.

Hides the Infinite



Finishing a lab report for her physical science class, Julia Lyons sits quietly calculating her findings. Science students at whatever level receive the highest quality hands-on training in the scientific method.

Marco Faluzzo
Assistant Professor of Physics



James Ferrari
Assistant Professor of Biology



Lisa Hadden
Assistant Professor of Mathematics and
Computer Science



Hilary Knight
Associate Professor of Mathematics



Barry Rhoades
Assistant Professor of Biology



Wanda Schroeder
Assistant Professor of Biology



Ronald Toll
Munroe Professor of Life Sciences



ALL TASKS
ARE
BEAUTIFUL
IF WE
HAVE
EYES
TO SEE



Keeping the Wesleyan grounds looking magnificent is a difficult job for anyone, but Mr. McCoy, a member of the physical plant staff, makes it look easy as he cuts the grass on the Wesleyan Quad.

Wherever we look there is a story behind our story. At Wesleyan the story behind our success was our staff, many of whom were our mentors. No matter how hard each Wesleyanne worked to ensure that special events happened, to work on special projects or just to get a quality education, no amount of work would have been sufficient if it were not for the dedicated professionals whose job it was to ensure that the college ran smoothly and efficiently.

Whether through ensuring that the mail system was working properly, or ensuring our safety, members of the Wesleyan staff regularly went far out of their way to make Wesleyan a wonderful place to live and to

study. The Wesleyan staff was dedicated to the success of Wesleyan and each of her students.

The two individuals who were perhaps the most involved with students, Tracy McFarland, Director of Residence Life, and Erin Confer, Director of Student Activities, were new to Wesleyan at the start of the 1996-1997 academic year, but soon became essential and cherished members of the Wesleyan Community.

Indeed, whether by keeping the grounds magnificently beautiful, keeping each Wesleyanne fed, or making sure that all the bills were paid, the Wesleyan College Staff was the driving force behind each student and the college's success.



Quietly walking to one of the dorms, Tracy McFarland, Director of Residence Life discusses dorm life with Pirate I-Wen Wang. The job of coordinating dorm arrangements and solving dorm disputes is a hefty task gallantly performed by Tracy every day.



Joining members of the Off-Campus and Encore Student League at their Fall Family Picnic, a Wesleyan security officer sneaks a peek at brownies freshly baked for the occasion.



A discussion about job searches makes the conversation light as Erin Confer, Director of Student Activities, Mary Mitchell, and Jessica Salinas listen to Teresa Lawson's qualification for being a "tree climber" as Teresa describes the ad for experienced "tree climbers" in the classified section of the *Macon Telegraph*. The discussion of the ups and downs of job searching preceded a long, stress-filled night of Senate budget hearings conducted by the Pirate members of the Senate.



Friendship, loyalty and caring; that's what Wesleyan is all about. Pirates Mandy Smith and Chasity McWilliams share a smile and a hug.

Her Foundations



*T*he Wesleyan story is a story of leaders and a story of organizations that add to the wealth of activities that make Wesleyan a community. Whether by establishing a system of governance, enforcing the rule of honor or planning events integral to the Wesleyan culture, the Wesleyan organizations provide a vehicle for thought, debate and activities outside of the classroom. As a community of learners Wesleyan thrives. As a community of leaders Wesleyan excels. Through her foundations Wesleyan is made complete, her roots deeply ingrained into the hearts of her organizations. Here are her foundations.

Liberty means not the mere voting at Elections



Every Wednesday night, a strange gathering formed in the Manget. Wesleyannes came from the dining hall in ones and twos carrying bowls of cereal or soup, plates with a slice of pecan pie, or just a glass of sweet tea, and settled around a large, square grouping of tables. From diverse backgrounds and with different political goals and ideologies, students sat around the tables with a common purpose—to provide the Wesleyan campus with the best government and leadership possible, to serve Wesleyan and to give back to the community that had given so much to them.

When the big clock on the wall signalled six o'clock, Kendra Biggs pounded the gavel on the table, and the Senate sat back as Melissa Roberts began the long recitation of the previous week's minutes. To the new fresh-faced Senator, as well as to most of the uninitiated campus, the rituals of Senate may have seemed lofty and

strange, the mythos of government in action. Yet time breeds familiarity, and soon those involved in the week-to-week running of Senate realized that government is about a multitude of details: which clubs and organizations should be allowed on campus, who should get funding, and the reasonableness of asking students to pay for two meals per day at conferences attended as part of their student offices.

The very fact that the Wesleyannes on Senate took all of these questions (and some of larger concern like student apathy and the restructuring of CJA) very seriously demonstrated their commitment to the Wesleyan community. Wherever there was work that needed doing and problems that needed addressing, be assured that the Wesleyannes most involved and most willing to lend a hand were the ones who also gave up every Wednesday night to Senate.

Perusing the election board, Christy McAlum reads the qualifications of various Wesleyannes running for office. During each election Wesleyannes post their pictures on election cards that list their qualifications and reasons for running for the listed office.



A late evening Senate discussion keeps Melissa Roberts, SGA Secretary, Nancy Hemingway, SGA Vice-President, and Tracie Porter, Parliamentarian, involved in debate. The SGA met invariably each Wednesday night in the Manget Dining Room.

SGA President Kendra Biggs presents Teresa Lawson, Elections Chair, with the Senate Workhorse Award. The Senate Workhorse Award is given to the Senate member considered the most dedicated and hard-working.



SGA President Kendra Biggs dines with other Pirates during Homecoming '96 celebrations. As SGA president, Kendra is one of Wesleyan's most involved leaders.

I AM A
YOUNG
WOMAN,
& I AIN'T
DONE
WITH



Lights reflecting off the disco ball outside of Jones Dormitory at the Retro Mixer shine down on Mary Mitchell as she dances to the music. Wesleyan mixers, sponsored by CAB, focus on several different themes throughout the year.



BandFest headliners, The Honeyrods, perform in front of a crowd of Wesleyannes and their friends. The annual Wesleyan BandFest brings some of the best rising bands to campus.

Runnin' Around

If you were a Wesleyanne looking to have a good time and to forget about the novels of Eudora Welty or the philosophical theories of Richard Rorty, the women you searched out were the ones on the Campus Activities Board. The students on CAB always seemed to know where the best bands were playing any given weekend, where the best parties were happening, and where the best date material was hanging out. Indeed, these were Wesleyannes committed to the quest of finding fun stuff to do and, with true largess, sharing the fun with the rest of us.

This past year was stellar for CAB. Under the leadership of Suzanne Spooner and with the help of some very dedicated Wesleyannes, CAB brought

some of the most memorable events of the year to Wesleyan. From the crazy stunts of Fun Day to the great bands at BandFest '97, CAB outdid itself in the search for fun. In true synchronicity with their Wesleyan sisters, CAB kept finding new and better ways to bring men to campus,

thus demonstrating their deep understanding of the priorities of their fellow Wesleyannes.

The Wesleyannes serving on CAB continually showed their compassion for the rest of us by providing the much needed distractions which have allowed us to maintain our sanity in the midst of our intellectual pursuits.



The warm spring weather provides a nice atmosphere as Wesleyannes Laurie Glass, Melissa Lockert and Danielle Fleming listen to a band during BandFest '97.

CRC President Evelyn Leatherman relaxes during a planning meeting. As CRC president, Evelyn is responsible for overseeing the activities of the Council on Religious Concerns and ensuring that STUNT proceeds smoothly.

Brandy Hayes leans over the piano pit during STUNT rehearsal. The orchestration of STUNT is a yearlong process organized and overseen by CRC.



STUNT brings everyone together. Lisa Waterman practices for STUNT with her classmates in Porter Gymnasium.

As Detective Gidget in the GK STUNT, Catrina King is a detective with an eye on the We "R" Toys department store. The GK STUNT centered around the mystery of a doll's damaged car.



Faith is a white fire of enthusiasm



The first thing that comes to mind when thinking of the Council of Religious Concerns is STUNT. Once again CRC was responsible for governing the circus that culminates in STUNT night. Even when questions arose concerning the criteria for judging each class' skit, CRC immediately addressed the problems and showed the rest of us what a stellar group these Wesleyannes were.

Beyond the hectic madness of STUNT, however, CRC played

a crucial role on campus this year. In these diverse times, the leadership of CRC faced the problem of maintaining a cohesive community without smothering the diversity of its constituents -- a problem which they met head on. Finding a balance between Wesleyan's Methodist roots and its diverse and international student body is no small task, and CRC excelled in creating a spiritual space in which we all could meet.



Members of the Pirate Class, Julie Howell, Kara Bollmeier and G. G. Connelly, practice their grand finale in front of their candy factory backdrop. The Pirate Class put all their efforts into their last STUNT.

The elegance of honesty needs no adornment



Man hours, alcohol on campus, closed study, cheating and plagiarism: these are terms that the Wesleyannes serving on Honor Court dealt with on a daily basis. Many of them chose Wesleyan because of its Honor Code, believing that through it, the college relates to its students as adults, and not as something halfway between adult and child. This belief in honor compelled these Wesleyannes to meet each week to hear cases, never knowing ahead of time how much time would be required of them to make certain that the Wesleyanne facing charges got a fair and thorough hearing.

Although many of the cases heard this year were violations of rules that the individual Honor Court members may not have agreed with, and much of the rest of campus may

have viewed as a decree from on high, the judges followed the letter of the law, so to speak, and treated every violation seriously.

Ultimately, Honor Court judges and officers viewed the Honor Code as not merely a collection of things that you should not get caught doing, but as things you should not do. It is easier to take someone else's words as your own when that eight a.m. deadline is staring you in the face. It doesn't seem too serious when you let your boyfriend stay in your dorm room thirty minutes after man hours are over. It is hard to turn in a friend, or to inform her to turn herself in, when you see her violating the Honor Code. Yet, these are the fundamental things that keep the Honor Code intact and make Wesleyan a unique environment for learning.



Signing the Honor Code is one of the most important tasks of the Wesleyanne. A student signs her name to the pledge during the Honor Code Convocation as Honor Court Chancellor Melinda Caspers looks on.

To keep warm and wish each other luck, members of the PK Class soccer team huddle together in a hug prior to their soccer match. Team spirit that emerges during class soccer strengthens the ties of sisterhood.



A group of Splinters, scholar-athletes chosen by SRC, gathers by the fountain during Homecoming.

A break in the class soccer tournament gives GK Heatherly Darnell a chance to restock her energy, warm up and contemplate the game.



Adventure is worthwhile



in itself

How many of us went to the pool tournament this year, or played on our class' soccer or basketball team? How many of us went white water rafting? We have the Student Recreation Council to thank for each of these stress-relieving, sanity-inducing activities. The Wesleyannes on SRC, led by Brandy Conner, gave us a chance to work out all the kinks that sitting and studying for hours on end created. Through the SRC-sponsored activities, we got to know each other better and formed true bonds of sisterhood, with a little bit of friendly competition thrown in for good measure.

The Student Recreation Council

continued the Wesleyanne tradition of Splinters, a group that honors sophomore athletes with excellent academic records. In addition, SRC did much in the way of community service this year, as well as their service to Wesleyan.

The Homecoming soccer matches went off this year without a hitch, thanks to the diligent efforts of SRC members, as did the class basketball and class volleyball tournaments. All in all, the Wesleyannes on SRC embody the best in the spirit of athletics and good sportsmanship and provide each of us with the opportunity to improve our athletic skills.



A big part of Wesleyan life is comprised of off-campus students and their families. Working hard, studying and finding time to let loose, members of OCESL are some of Wesleyan's most active.



Life isn't



one straight line

There was a strange entity on the Wesleyan campus this year: the Off-campus and Encore Student League. It was such a large moniker for such a simple organization. They were the nontraditional Wesleyannes, whether classified as such by their age, by their familial status, or by their not sleeping on campus. Although they may seem like a modern addition to Wesleyan, the truth is that the day students have been a part of Wesleyan since its inception, and the OCESL is their modern voice on campus.

Many of you traditional students wondered who we were when you saw us at campus events and wondered where we went after class. Some of us drove in from Jackson, from Barnesville, or from Warner Robins, and went to work or to pick up the kids after class. We were busy women who found it hard to make the time to get to the required number of convocations when we needed every mo-

ment we were on campus to study, because between husbands, jobs, and kids, studying off-campus was a herculean effort.

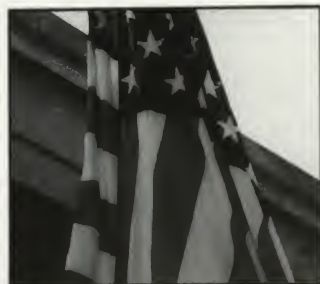
We also found it difficult to spare the time to serve in campus organizations, yet we did so in many cases because we wanted to give back something to the Wesleyan community. Off-campus students sat on Senate, on Honor Court, on student-faculty committees, and participated in STUNT, Homecoming, and BandFest '97. In fact, two off-campus students have done this yearbook. In addition, there were more OCESL Bake Sales this year than ever before, the proceeds of which went to the Battered Women's Shelter and OCESL scholarships.

So the next time you think it would be nice not to be closeted away on the Wesleyan campus, remember that those of us in the OCESL often wish we were in your shoes and could play the role of traditional student.

Things we believe in

will not

be done



until women are
in elected office

The 1996-1997 year was a fertile one for political groups on the Wesleyan campus. The presidential election of 1996 provided much fodder for debate. Whether conservative, liberal or somewhere in between, the students of Wesleyan thought about and debated the political issues like never before.

The addition of a new political party on campus, the Young Libertarians led by Lauren Lansrud, gave Wesleyannes a new opportunity to evaluate their political leanings and a new outlet for their political fervor. Debates between the Republican and Democratic factions on campus took place in political science classes, while the Libertarians took to the streets in an effort to increase voter awareness and voter registration. The convocation series on the election, led by the faculty, provided interesting debate that allowed Wesleyannes to take a critical look at the realities of politics in today's world.

In addition to the normal political agitation of an election year, Macon was honored by the visit of two presidential candidates, President Bill Clinton and Senator Robert Dole. The Clinton visit created special excitement on the Wesleyan campus when the call went out for college volunteers. Some lucky Wesleyannes seized the opportunity to drive the press corps from the airport to Macon City Auditorium, while others helped to set up equipment, monitor the crowd, and generally lend a helping hand where they could. There were also reports that the Secret Service agents greatly appreciated the Wesleyannes. Not quite Union soldiers singing "Dixie," but a close second.

Overall, the Wesleyannes took the opportunities that an election year provides to re-evaluate their political convictions and the kind of world they want to live in.



Republican Missy Ryan's car is trashed with Democratic Party messages and Clinton-Gore '96 signs by seniors during Senior Skip night. The car parked in front of Tate Hall was a reminder that politics are a big deal at Wesleyan.

President Bill Clinton holds up a Macon Whoopee jersey to show the crowd. The blazer, Clinton joked, would make an excellent gift for his wife.



Enjoying the festivities at the Clinton '96 rally, Dottie Whittington and Carrie Herndon hold onto a historic lamppost on Cherry Street prior to the President's speech.

Doing her part for politics, Amanda Foster holds a sign directing visitors at the Clinton-Gore '96 rally. Amanda, as well as a number of other Wesleyannes, performed a variety of tasks in preparation for the rally.



Never doubt



that a
small group

can change the world

Diversity was a challenge everywhere in the United States this year, and the Wesleyan campus was no exception. The voices of minorities on our campus were sometimes lost in the demand that we follow tradition and the Southern habit of disliking those who rock the boat. Yet, these voices demand that space be made for them, and Wesleyan as a whole, did its best to create that space.

Groups like the Gospel Choir celebrated the rich, black, musical heritage of our students, and gave show-stopping performances all over the Central Georgia area. When they were rehearsing in Olive Swann Porter, there were always a couple of students sitting outside the door listening to the superb talent of the group.

The International Club and the Black Student Alliance have given the international students and the black students respectively the solidarity it takes to survive when outnumbered. These organizations have allowed the Wesleyan campus to learn more about the heritage and culture of other Wesley-

annes and to stay informed about intolerance and bigotry.

The Friends of Lesbians and Gays, or FLAG, also fell into the category of groups that raised our collective awareness of the humanity of people, no matter where they were from, what they looked like, or who they slept with. By sponsoring the Clothesline Project, FLAG gave Wesleyannes a creative outlet for their protest of violence against women and their remembrance of women who fell victim to such hideous crimes. In addition, FLAG did much to raise the awareness of the double standard that existed when it came to man hours on campus; but for once, the double standard was to the advantage of the traditionally disadvantaged group.

The Senate's Environmental and Diversity Chairs did much to inform the campus about issues this year. From campus cleanups and aluminum can recycling bins to African dance troops and diversity training, the Wesleyan campus spawned many new activists.



With courage that surpasses that of the average person, Sayako Nogiwa, a native of Japan, opens her French book to study. International students work hard to learn complicated material in a foreign language.



In a moment of respite between classes, Tiffany Grayson, Jamila Williams-Ferguson, and Erika Streeter gather on the steps of Tate Hall. The steps of both Tate and Taylor Halls were a common gathering place throughout the week.

In remembrance of women who are victims of sexual and domestic abuse, the FLAG organization sponsored the Clothesline Project. Hung on the clothesline is a painting by Carrie Stribling.

Thought plunged into a sea of words & came up dripping

This year has been a tumultuous one for the campus publications. The *Veterropt*, the *Pioneer*, and the *Creative Arts Magazine* all got off to a rocky start. The yearbooks were two years behind in publication, all three lacked editors and staff, and those brave souls who volunteered for the job had to start basically from scratch.

The year finished up with a bang, however. With Barbara Brannon stepping up to the plate as the *Pioneer* advisor, the *Pioneer*, led by Julie Bailey and Patience Clark, produced several outstanding issues.

The *Creative Arts Magazine*, although not publishing an is-



sue this year, had a very competitive election for the 1997-1998 editor, with Melissa Roberts beating out the competition.

The *Veterropt* was produced from start to finish by Pam Davis and Suzanne Grigsby, who shared the monumental tasks of writing copy, taking pictures, developing the theme, and laying out the 160-page book.

In addition, Melissa, Pam, and Suzanne, went to the Tenth Annual College Media Convention sponsored

by Columbia University and brought back great information and ideas to spark the creative juices of the Wesleyan publications.



On the tip of Manhattan, Pam Davis and Suzanne Grigsby stand near a monument to immigrants in Battery Park on a very cold and wet afternoon. During their stay in New York City, Pam and Sue got a great deal of information and ideas for the *Veterropt* at the College Media Convention.

New York City is the place to be. The city of New York was home to the 1997 College Media Convention attended by Pam Davis, Suzanne Grigsby, and Melissa Roberts.





Hard at work, a Wesleyanne studies diligently in preparation for finals. The honor societies at Wesleyan
achievements of students.

Educate us out of self and link us with all humanity

Those bastions of intellectual and academic excellence, the honor societies, were in full gear this year. From the highly visible members of Mortar Board and Junior Marshals, to the less visible, but still active Phi Kappa Phi and Psi Chi, the members of the various honor societies spent the year in service to others. From sponsoring the Pig Kissing at Homecoming 1997 to sponsoring safety awareness convocations, the honor societies of Wes-



leyan provided fun and games as well as learning opportunities for our community.

Although the old "it looks good on your resumé" certainly still holds true, the existence of honor societies still represents hard work, diligence and dedication to the high ideals of knowledge and wisdom. The members of these societies are honored by being asked to join, but through their service to the whole community, they honor us all.



New inductees into the Mortar Board National Honor Society participate in initiation ceremonies late in Spring Semester. Mortar Board members are selected based on their commitment to scholarship, leadership and service.

Members of the dance group "Expressions" hold a pose during the Wesleyan Spring Concert. Several Wesleyannes wishing to bring a dance company to Wesleyan formed the group which gave several performances throughout the year.

Holding a note during the Wesleyan Gospel Choir's practice, Deshaun Smith enjoys the music and rhythms of her religion. Nineteen ninety-seven was the Choir's first year at Wesleyan, but their sweet sounds soon became a favorite among Wesleyannes.



Dressed in country bumpkin overalls, Nichole Arnault and Julie Howell enjoy themselves during Fall Family Weekend after their performance in the Washboard Band. The Washboard Band is a popular group which performs all around Macon.

Wesleyannes Michelle Pittman and Carey Hargis join the cast of "Reckless," a play performed during Fall Family Weekend. The Wesleyan Theater Department enthralled audiences throughout the year with their stunning performances.



The dance is a poem of which



each movement is a word

Enhancing the culture of Wesleyan through the beauty and magnificence of art, dance, theater and music, the Wesleyan, fine arts groups filled the days of Wesleyannes with color, sound and movement befitting the most noble of societies. Nineteen ninety-seven brought two new groups to Wesleyan; the *Expressions* dance company and the *Wesleyan Gospel Choir*.

The *Expressions* dance company came to Wesleyan early in the year as a group sanctioned and partially funded by the Student Government Association. Members of the dance company practiced diligently and spent their time choreographing and perfecting dance routines. Members of the group included individuals who had been dancing most of their lives, as well as Wesleyannes who were beginning dancers. Despite the wide span of talent and experience, the *Expressions* dance company continually dazzled audiences with their per-

formances throughout the year.

The ears as well as the eyes were blessed during 1996-1997 with the formation of the *Wesleyan Gospel Choir*. It was not unusual to see Wesleyannes huddled outside of the door of the Burden Parlor or in the Rec Room listening to the sounds of the *Gospel Choir* practicing their music. The group was well received throughout the community. A common guest of local churches and functions, the *Wesleyan Gospel Choir* turned heads and ears wherever they went.

Wesleyan theater productions and art exhibits were also a part of life at Wesleyan, adding to the charm and interest of the campus. With plays such as "*Reckless*" and "*Step on a Crack*," and a multitude of art exhibits in the galleries off Porter Auditorium, Wesleyannes nearly always had somewhere to go or something to see. Wesleyan talents abounded everywhere.



A blue ribbon clutched in her hand, Mandy Smith enjoys the moment as Jasmyn Jones congratulates her for her first place ride. Both Jasmyn and Mandy went on to the IHSA Nationals as Wesleyan's first ever competitors.



Her Games & Glories



*V*ictory and defeat, games and glories; these are a part of everyone's story. For the Wesleyan athletes, however, the sport and the glory of competition gave a deeper meaning to the dedication and spirit of Wesleyan. Each game, each victory and each loss defined, for at least a moment, a connection to the spirit and tradition of Wesleyan. As if warriors in a battle for honor, members of the Wesleyan Pioneer Athletic teams became a part of Wesleyan by accepting the challenges of her games and glories.

*L*ove the moment, and its energy will spread

The cheer of the crowd as a ball volleys high above a net punctuates the dedication of the Wesleyan Pioneer volleyball team. Dedication was nothing new to the tightly-knit group of women whose goal was continual improvement and the pursuit of excellence. Tireless efforts along with hours of practice combined to make a team that was full of spirit and ready for competition. Filled with the emotion and exhilaration of competition and sport, the Wesleyan Pioneer Volleyball team took the court with vigor and promise looking forward to games made worthwhile by the effort, dedication and loyalty of the team.

In addition to the team's dedication, hard work was nothing new to most members of the team. One particularly dedicated individual was Kara Bollmeier, a four-year member of the Pioneer team. Kara's dedication to Wesleyan and the pursuit of excellence was apparent on and off the court. Honored during the spring athletic banquet, Kara was named by Director of Athletics, Lori Mazza, as the 1996-1997 Scholar Athlete of the Year. Kara was, indeed, a scholar and an athlete. Majoring in biology and chemistry, Kara received honors in both disciplines and her dedication and hard work exemplified the best in a Wesleyan athlete.



A lunge towards the ball reeks of concentration as Asseline Achille tries to prevent SCAD from scoring. Many hours were spent in practice in order to prepare to play volleyball effectively.

In an attempt to spike the volleyball over the net, Nancy Hemingway leaps into the air. The Pioneer volleyball team worked hard during the game, but was defeated by the Savannah College of Art and Design.





Two members of the Wesleyan volleyball team leap into the air propelling a volleyball over the net, putting the Savannah College of Art and Design team on the defensive. Working together, the Pioneer volleyball team was able to improve their skills throughout the season.

You may have to fight a battle more than once to win it

The smell of freshly cut grass, the crisp, fresh feel of fall in the air, excitement, exhilaration and cheering crowds, these are the things that made soccer one of the most attended sports at Wesleyan.

Members of the 1996-1997 Wesleyan College soccer team were proud, diligent workers who shed new light on the notion of team and the feeling of sportsmanship.

The Pioneer soccer games were invariably interesting to attend. The lively coaching of Rob Brunel provided entertainment to those not interested in the game. Shouts of "come on, what do you call that?

That's a foul, ref, that's a foul!" could be heard pouring from Brunel's mouth as he jumped up and down, waving his arms excitedly disappointed with a referee's call.

It was not uncommon for Brunel's enthusiastic antics to promote laughter from the large crowd who regularly gathered at the sidelines and in the stands to watch the Wesleyan Pioneer soccer players work diligently toward victory. It really didn't matter whether victory was at hand, the attraction was the effort which this team and its coach put forth and the smiles that came with the teamwork and dedication.



With control of the ball, members of the Pioneer soccer team go on the offensive. Try as they might, however, the team failed to win this game against Agnes Scott College.

Exerting every bit of effort left in her at the end of a soccer game against Agnes Scott College, Melissa Roberts throws the ball onto the field in the hopes that one of her teammates will gain control of the ball.





Hot, tired and concentrating on the game, Jasmyn Jones wipes the sweat from her brow. An aerobic game, the match took a lot of energy out of the players.

Attention, concentration and serious faces greet Coach Rob Brunel as he briefs his team at halftime. The coach, famous for his commentary directed toward the referees, is a highlight of every game.



A drink of water is a welcome relief during halftime. Members of the Wesleyan Pioneer soccer team drink water from a pump canister after a tiring first half.

Too much of a good thing is wonderful

Nineteen ninety-seven was a banner year for Wesleyan's Pioneer basketball team and it was an especially outstanding year for Wesleyan's point guard, Pirate Brandy Conner. Making history is nothing new to Wesleyan, but making history within Wesleyan's story is extremely fulfilling for any Wesleyanne.

In the late evening of February 12th, a nervous Brandy Conner became a special part of Wesleyan's story by scoring her 1,000th point in front of a crowd of screaming, adoring fans who had come to watch the historical moment. Talk of the likelihood for Brandy to break 1,000 in the game against Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD) had spread throughout campus creating an air of excitement and growing anticipation for Brandy's achievement.

Brandy, one of Wesleyan's more modest, was visibly nervous as the crowd of onlook-

ers hung breathlessly on each attempt Brandy made at a basket. The first half of the game against SCAD passed with only two points scored by Brandy and served to increase the aura of suspense that seemed to cling to the walls of the Porter Gymnasium. The second half proved to be even more suspenseful as over ten minutes passed in the second half without a point from the anxious Conner. She was fouled with nine minutes left to go in the quarter and missed the first of two foul shots leaving her one point shy of 1,000. The suspense having grown to almost unbearable heights, Brandy's history-making shot came in the form of a layup which sent the crowd into a deafening roar of excitement and cheers for Conner. The formerly nervous Conner was all smiles from that point on as the game was stopped for a special ceremony to mark the occasion that made history within a college which is known for its history.

Bending over to talk to another Wesleyanne, Mandy Smith stands amid a crowd of students gathered to watch Brandy Conner score her 1,000th point at Wesleyan. Smith stood the entire game in order to catch Conner's shot on video.





Going up for a shot, Brandy Conner exhibits poise and concentration as she leaps into the air during her 1,000 point game. Brandy is the first Wesleyanne in history to ever score 1,000 points during her basketball career at Wesleyan.



Porter Gymnasium is the place where basketball history was made at Wesleyan. Onlookers packed the gym in anticipation of Brandy Conner's 1,000th point shot.

Keep your face in the sunshine and you cannot see the shadows

For Mandy Smith graduation was much more than the average ceremony. Soon after walking across the stage and accepting her diploma, Mandy got on board a plane to Massachusetts to join Jasmyn Jones at the IHSA National Finals at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Mandy Smith and Jasmyn Jones were Wesleyan's first delegates to the IHSA National Finals earned through placing first during the Zone 5 Finals held at Wesleyan April 12th and 13th.

Mandy, Jasmyn and other team members worked hard in preparation for the qualifying Zone 5 Finals. A large number of Wesleyannes were in attendance at the Zone 5 finals to watch the Wesleyan team make history for the school. The weekend had been one of excite-

ment and activity with the occasional loud guitar riff drifting across Foster Lake from the Wesleyan annual Band Fest occurring not far away.

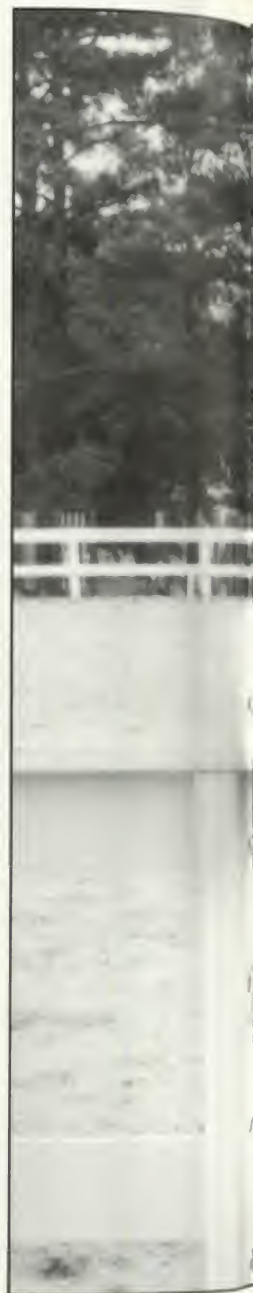
When Mandy rode into the ring with the other competitors in the Walk-Trot Equitation Class, she carried herself like she was the best rider out there. She oozed confidence and turned that confidence into grace. Even to those watching an equestrian competition for the first time, she seemed to have been born on a horse, not someone who had only been riding for two short years. The long hours of practice showed their reward in the gargantuan grin on Mandy's face as she held her first-place ribbon in the air for all to see. It was a scene those present would not soon forget.



Watching the other competitors ride, Shari Prestanski and her horse enjoy the beauty of the day as they watch the competition at Wesleyan's Equestrian Center.

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The work doesn't stop after a ride. Lindsay Abernathy works hard at the equestrian events by bringing horses to and from the stables.





Out of the ring, Mandy Smith is all smiles thanks her horse for her first place ride. Mandy's win at the Zone Finals fulfilled a yearlong goal to make Nationals.



In celebration, equestrian coach Jon Conyers gives Mandy Smith a congratulatory hug as she holds her first place ribbon. With Conyers' coaching and Mandy's hard work, Mandy was able to advance to Nationals.

You can't hit a home run unless you you step up to the plate

With the swing of a bat and the rounding of bases, the 1996-1997 Wesleyan Pioneer softball team began their inaugural season in the softball diamond of the brand new Matthews Athletic Center. Near the end of the team's NCAA season, exhilaration was met with a history of rivalry as the new team experienced their first victory in a 12-11 win over Wesleyan's greatest rival, Atlanta's Agnes Scott College. For the team, the experience was overwhelming. "Beating Agnes Scott's established team the first time around was just amazing," said one of the team members, "we really couldn't ask for a better victory during our first season."

As the team's greatest 1997 glory, the Agnes Scott victory propelled the team to other victories late in the season. Finishing the season with a 4-17 record, the Pioneer softball team members realized that they had a long way to go before beating all of Wesleyan's rivals, but getting there and building the Wesleyan tradition would be half of the fun. The team members, united in competition and dedicated to the pursuit of excellence on the field, brought competition and the spirit of the game to new levels. At the close of the team's inaugural season, efforts were underway to recruit new athletes out of high school to join Wesleyan in the diamond.



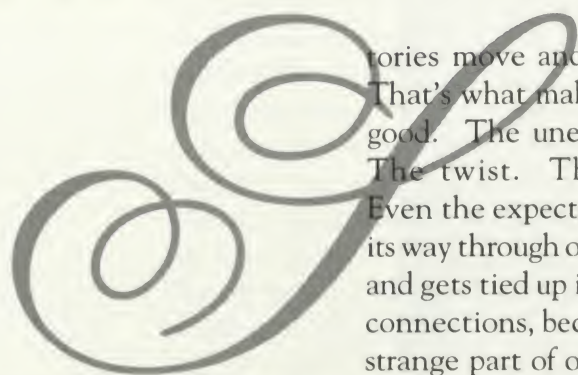
The new field at the Matthews Athletic Center got a lot of use. Pioneer softball players slide into home and protect the bases.





A sore elbow gets help from a bag of ice as Karri Medley watches her team play. A lot of hard work and practice led up to the team's inaugural season.

We Leave Her Never



Stories move and evolve. That's what makes them good. The unexpected. The twist. The turn. Even the expected winds its way through our minds and gets tied up in neural connections, becoming a strange part of our experience, a memory almost lived. Our lives are inextricably entwined with the stories of others. It is through them that we experience events we have not lived, become people we have never been. They become an extension of the self in a strange, nourishing leaning that expands our own story.

Thus, the story of Wesleyan is a story of her selves, of the many faces who walked through her halls. Her cast of characters are caught up in tradition, in learning, and in dreaming the future. She is at the same time what we have been, who we would like to be and who we can never be. Even so, that teasing glimpse of the possibilities makes us wonder, makes us live. We are tantalized by her stories to become something more, to become a part of the story ourselves. We are *herstories*.



Enjoying a quiet conversation on a lazy afternoon, a Wesleyanne and her father sit peacefully by Foster Lake. The beauty and magnificence of Wesleyan, makes even the most simplest of moments memorable.



*S*milng and enjoying their time together, Mary Mitchell and Pamela Davis stand together during a soccer game.



*T*he best of friends, Jennifer Leonard and Allison Mason share a blanket during BandFest. The cool spring day brought Wesleyannes together to listen to the bands play on the Quad.



*T*radition and ceremony captures the attention of Teresa Lawson and Mary Lynn Johnson. Watching the crowning of the Homecoming Queen, the two enjoy each other's company.

We Are Herstories

Conclusions are not everlasting. Stories are not static. Through the looking glass of years our memories are altered, becoming somehow strange, contorted, bent in the light of present events. As we move through life, Wesleyan will move with us. Her role changes, her story changes, her relevance to our lives changes, but her story remains a defining part of ourselves. Muriel Rukeyser said that the "universe is made of stories, not of atoms." For our purposes, Muriel Rukeyser's wisdom surpasses the facts of scientists, eyes trained on electron microscopes. Atoms become irrelevant.

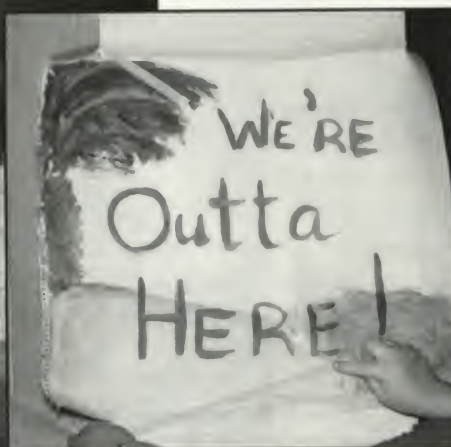
Stories are what matter. Wesleyan's stories make her come alive through individuals who hold her dear. We have become linked to her in a way that we might never have imagined. Our days at Wesleyan began with a torrential rush of activity, of questions, of uncertainty, and we were not sure of our part in this story. Where we would fit in? Who would we be here? Could we, for once, be only ourselves? Or... would we find the elusive self hidden in the pages of some book or reflected in the loyal gaze of a friend? No matter who we are, or who we become, part of ourselves, part of our stories, are inextricably tied to *herstories*.



A walk from class in a peaceful setting provides comfort after a stressful day. Felicia Moore and Amy Davis enjoy each other's company as they walk from class in Taylor Hall.



A view of Banks Dormitory is framed by the arches of the loggia. A symbol of Wesleyan, the strength and simplicity of the loggia reminds us of Wesleyan's story.



*S*imply reminding everyone of where the Seniors would be Senior Skip Day, a conspicuously placed sign prophesies a palm tree paradise in Cancun Mexico.



*T*he campus cat hides in the shadows of the loggia. Framing a set of rocking chairs, white marble columns stand pristine in the afternoon sun.

Her Editors

Dear Wesleyan:

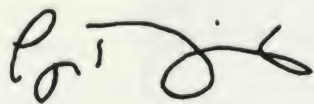
What more is there to say about Wesleyan? Her tradition, her triumph, and her stories are all a part of me now. Once you come to a place you love, you can never leave. That is true, if you appreciate Wesleyan for who she is.

I hope that Suzanne and I have revealed through these pages, the spirit and story of Wesleyan. We cannot go back now. This page is our last, but I know I have left a large part of me with Wesleyan and within the cover of this book. I can never tell Suzanne how much I appreciate her work on this book. Without her help, it would not exist.

Above all, I thank Wesleyan for the superior education she has given me. I am honored to call Dr. John Rakestraw my teacher and my friend and will forever appreciate him for showing me that thought is the best part of life. He is a person of unparalleled honor and intelligence. I will miss his classroom.

I know that through this experience, I have come to know Wesleyan in a way that I wish many could know her. I hope that we have brought to our words and photos at least a little bit of what is grand about this place.

This book is in some sense the story of Wesleyan — her voices, her tradition, and her spirit. I hope it reflects your story, too.

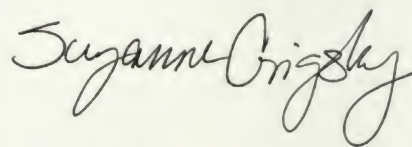


Pamela L. Davis
Editor

I love Wesleyan and I hope that my work on this book returns a small measure of what she has given to me. I have tried to show on these pages my admiration for the unique community Wesleyan provides as well as my love for the many personalities that people her halls. I have met so many wonderful, honest and brave women here whose stories have forever changed my own.

I would like to thank Dr. John Rakestraw, my advisor, my friend, and, above all, my teacher. I came to Wesleyan intent on getting a degree in philosophy, not really sure of what philosophy was or why I had the desire to study it. John always asks on the first day of class, "What is philosophy?" and the interesting thing is that I am still not sure of the answer. That is the gift that I gained from John, to be able to accept gray areas, to see that other people's viewpoints, although different than my own, can still teach me something. He taught me not to just listen to the professor in the front of the room, but to all of the people sitting around the table with me. The world is a wider place now, and he has forever changed the person I am.

This book has consumed every spare moment of my time for the better part of two years. So, although I love the college from which I graduated, I am extremely glad to be able to move on. I hope that the Veterropt we have presented to you is a worthy link in the chain of Wesleyan's creative and imaginative voices.



Suzanne Grigsby
Co-editor

Her Dedication

Darlene Mettler

*I*t's not a surprise that the 1997 *Herstories Veterropt* is dedicated to a woman. Nor is it surprising that woman is Darlene Mettler, Associate Professor of English. Darlene Mettler is a real woman—as real as you can get. She's strong. She's intelligent. She stands with a noble air that suggests womanhood imbued with the strength of self knowledge. She is a woman comfortable in her own skin and her own consciousness. Everyone wants what Darlene Mettler has. Whoever we are we want to be like Darlene Mettler in the way that she is at peace with herself. She doesn't pretend to be anyone she is not. She doesn't have to.

You can't know Darlene Mettler and not know her 95 year old grandmother who still occasionally drives a 1966 blue Ford, original blue hubcaps spinning, wheels kicking dust as they carry this most wise woman to the corner store. Mettler's respect for her grandmother is obvious. "Grandma has only an eighth grade education, but she possesses a wisdom greater than that of anyone I have ever met," says Mettler smiling. Phrases such as "Grandma says" and "Grandma always said" followed by a bit of inspired wisdom pepper Mettler's vocabulary, combining themselves with references to legacies of the eighteenth century, the smell of a London café, or a story about her sons.

Mettler's affinity for her grandmother goes back to a relationship that was cultivated when Mettler lived with her grandmother for a year during high school in Kissimmee, Florida. "That's when we became so close," remembers Mettler, "Grandma became a source of guidance and inspiration for me. That hasn't changed since. Every time I get good, or even bad news, I pick up the phone to call Grandma. She always had a good piece of hometown advice that hits me over the head as so simple, leaving me wondering, 'why didn't I think of that?'"

Daughter of a minister, Mettler grew up in a world in which her only female role models were women who, while strong, intelligent and dedicated, worked mostly inside the home. For

Mettler, the psychological process of trying to extricate herself from the responsibilities that had been traditional for the women in her family was a difficult task that left her feeling guilty at times. "I certainly wasn't doing things the easy way," said Mettler, "I was teaching middle school and going to graduate school at the same time. I had a long drive to the university where I was studying and I some-

times couldn't remember whether I was coming or going. I would leave across a certain bridge in the morning and I would cross that bridge back to my home late at night. In the dark I couldn't tell which side of the bridge that I was on and I was often too tired to remember."

Mettler has always gotten through such difficult and stressful time by remembering that where she is in life is not the "final product." She is goal oriented and driven and tries to help her students realize that life is a process, and a series of never ending goals that are by their nature unfinished. At the age of 54, Mettler has learned that the key to happiness is doing what you want to do, doing what you are good at. That, is exactly what she encourages her students to do.

Mettler's students often see her as a mother figure and love to see her get excited about the works they are studying. They admire her for her sincere interest in learning and for the fact that she confesses that from the ages of 17 through 20 she was pretty much a "ding-a-ling," admitting that she had never bothered to pick up a newspaper at that age and didn't really care to.

Mettler also recognizes that her own goals have not been realized. A lover of the city of London, Mettler has always wanted to live in London and, of all things, enter medical school. For now, though, she settles for semester long sabbaticals in London where she dines in the cafés once frequented by the world's greatest writers in a city that has put a magical spell on the professor we all admire.



Her Voices

An Index of Quotations

The voices of women. It the source of our inspiration. They glimmer like distant beacons as we look back through time, and it is because of them that we see the world in our fine light. The quotations headlined on many of the pages of the *Herstories* addition of the *Veterropt* are intended to remind us of the many voices of the women who have come before us. Their use is intended to give us a glimpse into *Herstories*. Some quotations have been altered through abridgement or addition, but we hope we have shared them in a flattering light. The following is a list of full quotations and their authors. It is with much appreciation and respect that we ask these women to speak with us.



- pg. 10-11: "Life is either a daring adventure or nothing. To keep our faces toward change and behave like free spirits in the presence of fate is strength undefeatable." - *Helen Keller*
- pg. 12-13: "The past is only the present become invisible and mute; and because it is invisible and mute, its memoried glances and its murmurs are infinitely precious. We are tomorrow's past." - *Mary Webb*
- pg. 14-15: "One cannot collect all the beautiful shells on the beach." - *Anne Morrow Lindbergh*
- pg. 16-17: "The loneliest woman in the world is a woman without a close woman friend." - *Toni Morrison*
- pg. 18-19: "The truest expression of a people is in its dances and in its music." - *Agnes De Mille*
- pg. 20-21: "The first duty of a lecturer: to hand you after an hour's discourse a nugget of pure truth to wrap up between the pages of your notebooks, and keep on the mantelpiece forever." - *Virginia Woolf*
- pg. 22-23: "Years ago fairy tales all began with 'Once upon a time...', now we know they all begin with, 'If I am elected...'" - *Carolyn Warner*
- pg. 24-25: "To know one's self is wisdom, but to know one's neighbor is genius." - *Minna Antrim*
- pg. 26-27: "'Stay' is a charming word in a friend's vocabulary." - *Louisa May Alcott*
- pg. 28-29: "If I smashed the traditions it was because I knew no traditions." - *Maude Adams*
- pg. 30-31: "No matter how big or soft or warm your bed is, you still have to get out of it." - *Grace Slick*
- pg. 34-35: "There comes a time in every woman's life when the only thing that helps is a glass of champagne." - *Bette Davis*
- pg. 36-37: "Do not follow where the path may lead. Go instead where there is no path and leave a trail." - *Muriel Strode*
- pg. 38-39: "Life isn't a matter of milestones but of moments." - *Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy*
- pg. 42-43: "Rosiness is not a worse windowpane than gloomy gray when viewing the world." - *Grace Paley*

pg. 46-47: "There's a magical tie to the land of our home, which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps may roam." - Eliza Cook

pg. 56- 57: "Nobody has ever measured, not even poets, how much the heart can hold." - Zelda Fitzgerald

pg. 64-65: "I feel we are all islands-- in a common sea." - Anne Morrow Lindbergh

pg. 100-101: "If you have knowledge, let others light their candles in it." - Margaret Fuller

pg. 102-103: "It is the function of art to renew our perception. What we are familiar with we cease to see. The writer shakes up the familiar scene, and, as if by magic, we see a new meaning in it." - Anais Nin

pg. 104-105: "My favorite thing is to go where I have never been." - Diane Arbus

pg. 106-107: "Study as if you were going to live forever; live as if you were going to die tomorrow." - Maria Mitchell

pg. 108-109: "To be able to be caught up into the world of thought-- that is educated." - Edith Hamilton

pg. 110-111: "The world of learning is so broad, and the human soul is so limited in power! We reach forth and strain every nerve, but we seize only a bit of the curtain that hides the infinite from us." - Maria Mitchell

pg. 112-113: "The common tasks are beautiful if we have eyes to see their shining ministry." - Grace Noll Crowell

pg. 116-117: "Liberty means not the mere voting at elections." - Frances Wright

pg. 118-119: "I am a young woman, and I ain't done with runnin' around." - Billie Holliday

pg. 120-121: "Faith is a white fire of enthusiasm." - Helen Keller

pg. 122-123: "The elegance of honesty needs no adornment." - Virginia Gildersleeve

pg. 124-125: "Adventure is worthwhile in itself." - Amelia Earhart

pg. 126-127: "Life isn't one straight line. Most of us have to be transplanted, like a tree, before we blossom." - Louise Nevelson

pg. 128-129: "The things we believe in and want done will not be done until women are in elective office." - Catherine Drinker Bowen

pg. 130-131: "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has." - Margaret Mead

pg. 132-133: "Thought plunged into a sea of words and came up dripping." - Virginia Woolf

pg. 134-135: "Real education should educate us out of self into something far finer--into selflessness which links us with all humanity." - Nancy Astor

pg. 136-137: "The dance is a poem of which each movement is a word." - Mata Hari

pg. 140-141: "Love the moment, and the energy of that moment will spread beyond all boundaries." - Corita Kent

pg. 142-143: "You may have to fight a battle more than once to win it." - Margaret Thatcher

pg. 144-145: "Too much of a good thing is wonderful." - Mae West

pg. 146-147: "Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadows." - Helen Keller

pg. 148-149: "You can't hit a home run unless you step up to the plate. You can't catch fish unless you put your line in the water. You can't reach your goals if you don't try." - Kathy Seligman

Her Acknowledgments

It is with the greatest of appreciation that the editors of the 1996-1997 *Herstories* Veterropt thank the following individuals for their contributions:

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WE
DON'T SEE
THINGS AS THEY
ARE. WE
SEE THEM
AS WE ARE

-Anais Nin

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I HAVE
 WRITTEN MY
 LIFE IN SMALL
 SKETCHES,
 A LITTLE TODAY,
 A LITTLE
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-Grandma Moses

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-Muriel Rukeyser

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